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Personal Revolution and Picasso



GUERNICA



PICASSO

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Books by Louis Danz

ZARATHUSTRA, JR.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST
LOOKS AT ART

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To: Ruth McC. Maitland

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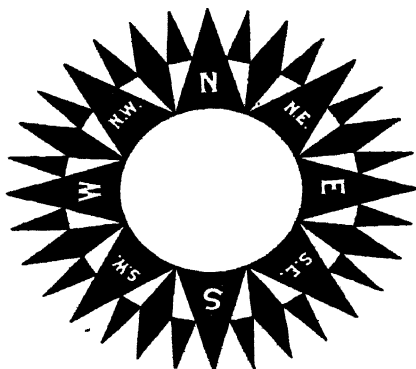
L O U I S

P e r s o n a l

Longmans, Green & Company
New York & Toronto

D A N Z

*Revolution
and
Picasso*



Foreword by Merle Armitage
1941

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SPECULATION

By Merle Armitage

This work by Louis Danz is more than a book on art. It is an abstract of a personal revolution.

It intrigues me to speculate upon what would transpire if it should be widely read and understood. If painters read and understood we might witness a sharp decline in the number of "studios" and in the consumption of canvas and paint, and a desirable return, on their part, to more useful and productive occupations. Yet the artists among the painters would be immensely stimulated and heartened, for the path through the esthetic wilderness which all artists know exists would become clearly defined. The obstructing trees only would then have to be hewn down.

And if an appreciable body of mature laymen should read and understand this book, there would certainly be a new spirit in our museums. Galleries devoted to pictures which many persons laugh at would become places where people would go for a profound experience, just as they go to the theatre and to concerts.

And they would become conscious of new subtleties of living, because they would understand a new and moving language, the language without words which has been largely obscured by intellectualism.

For certainly there are many things beyond the scope of intellectualism. It has not enabled us, for instance, to discern the forces *beyond* the chaos and strife of contemporary life. Intellectualism seldom sees the whole of anything, it sees only its parts, and it often fails to integrate the parts. Intellectualism has not freed us from the perennial madmen with their class and race hatreds and their slave making panaceas. Rather has it fostered

artificial barriers and antagonism between man and man. How profoundly wise is Bertrand Russell when he so impersonally says that "it is unscientific to attribute great social events to the machinations of one man."

If people read and understand this book, they will be conscious that much of the tension of our day is caused by our bewilderment-producing attempt to live in and on many different levels of understanding, simultaneously. It will enable us to distinguish between the static past, and the active, dynamic NOW! In religion we yet live in the time of Christ's disciples; in music we live in the time of the sentimental Brahms; in architecture we have not emerged from the habits of impractical and overdecorated shelter. In painting we are repeating cliches, copying the photographic surfaces of things, an aim which had its climax with Rembrandt. However, we are incongruously, riding in motorcars, in streamlined trains; listening to our Brahms via the miracle of radio and employing

electrical power which comes to us over miles of fragile wires. And we fly through the air without benefit of either wheels or tracks.

Reading this book should clarify this confused panorama, and enable us to see that the painting of Picasso, Kandinsky and others, the music of Schoenberg, Varese, Stravinsky and others, and the architecture of Wright, Le Corbusier, Lascaze and others, is the result of men functioning naturally in their time, who are properly in the same company and on the march with the scientists and engineers who have made *this* day vastly different from any day man has yet experienced. And in reading this work, it will be seen that Louis Danz has discovered much truth which art alone can make manifest, and which man has the capacity to accept. They will comprehend that esthetic emotion cannot be *understood*, it can only be experienced.

They will be aware that Louis Danz has put the whole train of art assumptions, derailed by

misconceptions, back on the track where it is free to move logically and lucidly.

And in unfolding his personal revolution with its impersonal basis, he has allowed his thoughts to become articulate in a manner parallel with his conversation. He talks just as he thinks, and he writes just as he talks.

But Louis Danz would be the first to hold that words, as communication, are a makeshift and a compromise.

Thomas Sprat, centuries ago, remarked that "The ill effects of (this) superfluity of talking have already overwhelmed most arts and professions," indicating thereby that the semantic malady is of ancient origin. Louis Danz has here extended E. E. Cummings' penetrating verse, condensed into "since feeling is first, who pays any attention to the syntax of things will never wholly kiss you," plus James Thurber's casually profound observation that "(man's) mistaken selection of

reasoning as an instrument of perception has put him into a fine quandry."

And Danz is acutely aware that nothing about art can be successfully written, only its anatomy can be traced, examined or discussed. There is little of what Louis Danz has said, or of the ideas with which he deals, or of his meaning in these lines. That is why it is not a preface, and why it is a speculation.

Saturday Cove
Northport, Maine
July 18, 1940

I

In Paris they say that no matter what anyone does Picasso does it better.

I do not know if this is true.

I know many artists in Paris.

I do not know all the artists in Paris.

However I do know that is I feel that Picasso in one way is the greatest artist in modern times. And he is as prolific as Sagara with his sixty thousand sons. In his some four thousand pictures which he has drawn out of his body. . . . he has done something to art.

He has done an incalculable something.

The paths opened by Picasso can be followed to their end only through generations.

Picasso's picture *Guernica* is the most haptic picture of modern times. It is the almost completely haptic picture in the world. This picture from top to bottom from side to side is Picasso.

{ That is why it is a great picture.

{ It is all Picasso almost all Picasso. It is all

Picasso except the little window in the upper right corner. That window is a window . . . it is not Picasso.

Picasso is not a window but a window can be Picasso. Anybody can understand that that Picasso is not a window . . . but a window can be Picasso. And as I say the window in *Guernica* is a window. It is the only something in the picture that is not all Picasso. It is a concession to the landscape. For Picasso it is a very seldom concession. \ When I speak of Picasso's *Guernica* I say nothing about the fact that Guernica was a city and a place of great Basque culture. I say nothing that this Guernica was utterly destroyed in three and one half hours of terrific bombing and that its seven thousand people were totally annihilated. //

That is history.

That is not art.

I am in search of art and art is like gold and is where you find it and I find it in Picasso's *Guernica*.

However knowing this about the city of Guernica as history makes me understand why Picasso used no color in his picture . . . no red no blue no green no color.

How could he.

What color is the pain of a bursting bomb. What color is the suffering of everything that is dead. The whole thing is so frightful that the living no longer feel life and so profound that only the dead can suffer.

The second time I went to see the *Guernica* a friend went along. He too was a painter. When he saw the *Guernica* a look came into his eyes. I saw that look in his eyes and it took me back many years and I knew that I had seen that look before. That was when my Grandfather died and we took him out to the meadows. Then I saw it that same look in my father's eyes when he stared into the open grave.

The painter never painted again.

Now he is a photographer a good one.

Picasso puzzled me. For a long time I could not understand some of what he is doing. Long ruthless lines distort the form and color juxtapositions are at the opposite poles and tempi varyhurrying here and lagging there over every inch of the canvas and there is an infant vision. There is no deliberate simplification but a fresh and clean and direct approach. It is a paradox this extreme naivete at Picasso's end and a deep unexplained profundity in the simplicity at the other end the finished picture.

What happens between Picasso's end and the finished end.

Is this a new kind of vision.

Is this a vision where nothing is examined or thought out.

Nothing in these pictures of Picasso seems to carry along any content of his former visions . . . of anything seen twice . . . or more often.

He does not do what he could see and avoids doing what he does not see that is he avoids doing that which is stored up inside memory.

There is absolutely no cumulative effect. His pictures move directly from some thing felt to some thing done.

One day I was standing on a wharf. A man was painting a picture. He would look out at the sea and then he would look at his painting. I looked out at the sea and I saw a ship then I looked at his painting. He was painting a ship. Well soon another man came up and looked out at the sea and saw the ship and then looked at the painting of a ship. He was a sailor and he said Excuse me Painter you have left out the portholes.

The painter turned and said I cannot see the portholes and I paint only what I can see.

Well the sailor said maybe you can't see them but you know that they are there.

Nevertheless said the painter I paint only what I can see.

Silence.

The painter kept on painting.

Then the sailor said Excuse me Painter you have painted the cables. You cannot see the cables in this light.

The painter turned impatiently and said Nevertheless I know they are there.

But Picasso's colossal superiority as I said lies in that he does not do what he could see and he

avoids doing what he does not see. Nothing that is past is carried into the future. In fact for him there is no past and there is no future. Everything is now . . . every line and every color is now.

A tragic line such as Picasso feels into his *Guernica* is like the most brutal verb ever unuttered . . . intensified by the most ghastly unspoken adjectives.

This is what gives Picasso his living line. The line is alive because at that very moment of execution Picasso also is very alive. In this case the case of the *Guernica* Picasso is tragically alive. Every line of his has a birth not a beginning and every line of his has a death not an end.

Living line and living color living form and living content that is what I find in Picasso. In that lies the whole of esthetics and everything . . . man plant and animal.

I find it in Picasso.

I find it in his *Guernica* most clearly . . . unmistakably.

I had this feeling once another time.

Really I must say I had this feeling twice before . . . when I first heard Stravinsky's *La Sacre du Printemps* and I had it again when Sylvia Beach published James Joyce's *Ulysses*. And also I thought what a wonderful thing it is to feel.

It is like this so it seems to me. When I was a boy and the ice was breaking up on the river and new boats great boats we never saw before were

slowly making their way into our little harbor and these boats would deposit strange cargoes and then these boats would go away to distant places so far away as to be out of our thinking. And when the boats were gone we examined the cargo. We tried to understand it. We tried to find a place for it inside us . . . or on us . . . or near us.

It was like that when I was a boy.

And it is like that now when new men bring us new cargoes and these new men like Picasso and Stravinsky and Joyce and others and others and others are bringing us new cargoes. And I say I found it in the *Guernica* and in *La Sacre du Printemps* and *Ulysses*.

When I said I wanted to know what is this new thing that I found this new cargo that I found they said go to the dictionary.

Which of course I did.

I found it there.

The word is *haptic*.

I found it. The word haptic it says means actual body experience. I found it in the dictionary like this the term pertains to the sense of touch. I broadened it out and stretched it over to include all emotive body happenings which take place inside the body.

The word haptic includes all feeling experiencing. There might be other terms but I feel the power of deep completeness and a sort of inward light in the word haptic and so this word

becomes one of the most used and most important words inside me.

Once I had a neighbor boy and he had some feeling for art and I asked this neighbor boy to draw for me two pictures. One was to be of himself in his bedroom. I said Draw yourself in your bedroom with the bright sunlight streaming in the high windows. The other picture I said to him was to be of the same room except it would be night and everything would be dark. It would be dark I explained and everything would be night.

Well he did this and this is what he did. In the night picture he drew himself very large. He drew a huge exaggeration of his actual size while strangely in the light picture he drew himself very small.

Then I said to him why did you do this why did you draw yourself so large in the dark room and so small in the light room. And he said simply I am much bigger in a dark room.

I thought about this until I understood about it.

Let someone try this for himself until he understands about it. He will discover probably to his astonishment that he also has such a peculiar experience and feels much bigger in the dark room than in the light room. The body actually seems more cumbersome and it is more immediately and more completely present in the dark. And certainly in the dark one has a deeper inner feeling about one's own body. In the dark one feels himself as a

body whereas in the light one feels himself more as a disembodiment.

How huge seems a bat flying in the night and yet how small it is in the bright sunlight.

As I say I thought about all this for a long time until I saw that all this is a haptic experience.

It is what I call haptic feeling.

And so when I say haptic I mean exactly the physiology back of an art-act.

It is the *content* of art.

It makes art physiological instead of psychological.

This is one of the most important discoveries ever in art. The value of it cannot be appreciated until it is felt.

Haptic takes the place of such words as intuition or inspiration or instinctive or psychical or creative or spiritual or emotive.

These terms are not synonymous they are superseded by the more inclusive word *haptic*.

The word haptic is primal.

Haptic is as I say physiological. The other words are merely psychological interpretations. What to the philosophers are the intuitive values are in reality the deep haptic values.

So now I have something.

I have something that will help me understand about Picasso and it will help me understand about myself. It is knowing that art is haptic and is not a purely visual event. Quite to the contrary art

comes out of haptic experiences physiological sensations. Real art is bound up with the immediate experiences of body. And here is the paramount condition. It is that real art . . . that is the actual art-act can only take place simultaneously with the actual experience.

It is like this. You cannot put into your art that which you experienced yesterday or the day before. The haptic experience is something now and must be expressed at its moment. An experience that has turned *cold* will do completely nothing in art.

I will never forget a pathetic peon kneeling in passionate devotion in the great Cathedral at Guadalajara in Mexico eyes not seeing but not blind turned heavenward arms uplifted imploringly hands limp a look of meek exhaltation on the sun-creased face brown and dark and pressed down by the fear of some invisible presence the most magnificent haptic sight I have ever felt about.

It is this experience or I should say this capacity for experience which enables Picasso to fuse his body with the landscape outside him.

Even now I find that when writing I have a haptic experience. Many times like the boy who felt bigger in the dark room I have an almost irrepressible desire to write the highly emotive feelings in large letters. The less important words shrink up into very small letters in my feelings. It

is as if the size of the letters would bring out the feeling lived into my writing at that very moment adding volume and color and deepening meaning and commanding special attentionand more.

It is like when I am thinking hard my mouth seems to disappear from my body and my eyes grow more solid. And when I am speaking sincerely and energetically my mouth suddenly becomes bigger. And when pain comes and there is that shriek which only pain can bring then my head is apt to disappear and only my distorted mouth remains. But it is no longer a mouth it is a shriek.

And there you have it.

There you have the agonizing heads in Picasso's *Guernica* and the head of the horse.

It is like a child painting her own picture reaching hungrily for an apple. She would make the outstretched arm longer. She would accentuate the grasping hand. She would most likely enormously enlarge her mouth. Or again if a child were painting the chase a slow runner might have short legs and a fast runner might have long legs. And just like that Picasso does it.

Body sensations are poured out in paint.

There is Victor Lowenfield who has done something very much with blind children and he tells a story about a child sightless from birth and who was modeling a cherry. The child who could not

see anything first formed the seed and then she covered the seed with a thin skin and over this she modeled the flesh so that finally there was a cherry as it would feel to the touch. That is how the blind child did it.

It is like you would take a cherry apart with your fingers and without looking at it and then put it together again with your fingers and without looking at it.

Picasso would do it like that.

Picasso would probably go still deeper because in a picture Picasso might make the seed as visible as the flesh the flesh would be transparent . . . because after all is not the whole cherry to be felt inside you after you have once experienced it in touch as a whole cherry.

Picasso would allow his complete experience to remain complete.

This is haptic art.

It is the haptic experience that makes the painter of abstract pictures sometimes start his picture as miniatures like seeds which later grow into the formal pictures. Like with the first sketches for the *Guernica* where one can see the line when it hesitates and where one can see indecision and doubt and where one can see the painful struggle that is inside when one tries to put the inside outside. It is the haptic feeling which gives a rapid sketch its intimacy and gives it that

element of passionate immediacy which only later becomes a formal work.

Once when I visited Clemente Orozco in Mexico City he presented me with the sketch for the central panel of his dynamic mural in the Orphanage at Guadalajara. He was so careful to assure me that this picture was after all only a sketch. In his benign manner so much in contrast to the vehemence of his painting he said You must understand Senor that this sketch is not an Orozco.

I was surprised and I said What my dear Maestro you say this is not an Orozco.

Then he said You do not understand Senor and with a smile so much in contrast to the vehemence of his painting he said This sketch is not an Orozco that is on the wall in Guadalajara . . . this sketch is Clemente.

Haptic experiences are physiological that is they are inside the body and the difference between *anybody* and *somebody* depends upon how immediately and how completely and how directly these sensations can be poured out into the materials used in an art-act.

2

Turn to almost any Picasso picture However I do not mean the Picasso of 1896.

I mean turn to the Picasso of today now.

Turn to Picasso you can find no break between Picasso's body and Picasso's pictures. Even the materials he uses seem somehow to have come out of his body and consequently his picture is his body extended into the landscape.

That is why I call Picasso's line a singing line or a weeping line. You cannot sing or weep today what happened to you yesterday. You can only sing or weep what happens to you when you are singing or weeping. It is like in the dance . . . you can only dance what happens to you when you are dancing. Sometimes try otherwise sometimes try to dance what is not happening to you you will find your dance is dead and your audience like dead.

It is the same in writing. One should write only when something is happening inside. One should

write only then. And when nothing is happening inside there should be no writing.

That is why I say Picasso does not paint things but he paints only what is happening to him when it is happening. His subject matter is something that is happening in his body. Inside his body it is pure *imageless* experience. It is an immediate haptic happening. Outside his body it becomes subject matter in the picture.

Some painters paint a man in pain but Picasso can paint the pain that is in man.

There was a time before. . . .when Picasso painted what he saw. Then he painted only what he saw not what he knew. But nevertheless he did not paint things nouns.

But he did paint like this. That is if you hold any small object close to your eyes say like an apple it might be seen as a whole that is you might see in one look all that can be seen of the surface. In a large object however the eyes would have to wander about because the eyes would not could not take in the entire surface in one momentary look. But an apple for instance is small and it might be seen as something whole in one look.

The way Picasso painted subject matter is that he painted one small surface then another small surface then another small surface and so on until he made a synthetic picture of the whole object.

You can know here if you can that this actually is the beginning of cubism.

I think that this is the only way that Picasso ever painted what he saw. But in this time he really did paint what he saw. Few painters have done this. They paint what they think they know about what they think they see. Like the man on the wharf who was painting the ship.

But not Picasso.

In these special instances he painted only what he saw.

As I said Picasso in these periods painted only the small surface that his eyes could see at any one time. Then he would look again and then he would paint again. That was the way Picasso painted subject matter when he did.

This is not a mood.

Nor is it the picture of an image of a thing held in the mind. It is pure seeing and the direct transfer of the seeing onto canvas.

I do not think that Picasso ever held an image of a thing in his thought. In this he differs from many other painters and sculptors.

Well for one there was Rodin.

Rodin tried so hard not to express an image of a thing. He tried and he tried to go beyond that but he kept on trying and when he got to his *St. John* he thought he had gone beyond. In *St. John* it is like this *St. John* is about to walk and *St. John* is walking and *St. John* has

walked. It is as I say like this the feet are about to walk. St. John's feet are about to walk while at the same moment the torso is walking and the shoulders and the head have walked. That gives a sort of spiral effect to the figure.

Rodin thought in this way to create movement that would take him beyond the image of a thing.

It was too bad.

A haptic-act is the only way to go beyond the image of a thing.

Rodin in one sense was haptic in that his finger marks on his surfaces are quite haptic but the finished images are not haptic because he had an image of a thing in his mind . . . before he started.

I know this to be so.

He himself said so.

Rodin himself said that he clothed his *Balzac* in flowing Roman dress because it gave him the good lines and profiles he had in his mind.

To have an image in your mind and to transfer that image onto canvas or into stone or clay is not a real haptic experience.

Indeed it is not.

It is exactly the reverse. It means you are painting a noun. Because then you are painting a thing and a thing is always a noun.

You may be experiencing something while you are doing this thing while you are transferring your image onto canvas but nevertheless you are not putting an experience down on the canvas. It is

like when they say that Fra Angelico wept when he painted a Crucifixion. He was not putting his weeping down in paint. He was merely putting a weeping Crucifixion down in paint. Anyway an image is a thing and things cannot enter art.

Art is feeling.

An art-act is feeling in action.

Picasso's painting is always exciting because Picasso paints the path of feeling. I am speaking completely literally. Picasso paints the path of feeling.

Did you ever have a teardrop run down your face.

Sometime have a teardrop run down your face and feel it run. Feel it run and then you will understand Picasso. Picasso paints a teardrop running down the face. He paints a tragic *running down on the face* just as you would feel it. Then at the end of the running he paints the teardrop as it feels. He paints the path of the teardrop he paints a path of feeling he paints the path of every feeling he has at the moment he is feeling. A moment later would be too late.

It is so simple.

Picasso paints a teardrop when it is running down the face.

That is all.

Of course he must paint the *when*. He paints it *when* it is running all the way. He does not paint the teardrop itself until it has stopped run-

ning. Then the teardrop hangs suspended from the *when* like it feels on the face.

It is not only of Picasso that I speak. There are others like Miro like Chagall like Merida and Brancusi and Braque and Kandinsky and Klee. There are many but they are but few in the face of the many who are not of the few.

Picasso's line is like Martha Graham's dancing. Martha Graham dances the path of feeling as it flows through her body. It flows through her body before it comes out. It is the same with Gieseking playing the piano. He starts in his toes and the line undulates upward through his body and comes out of his fingers. It is like blood poured out of his body upon the white ivory keys.

Picasso paints like a child paints. Once I saw a painting done by a blind child. It was about a girl chasing a boy and her outstretched hand was trying so hard to grasp his coat. Well that arm was painted about twice its normal length and it had completely left the body and was flying out after the boy.

And like that Picasso paints what he feels not what he sees. And like a child Picasso sees not with his eyes but *feels* with his body.

Plato knew this about art.

Plato said that it is not the eyes that see but the eyes that permit us to see.

The eyes are merely holes for the body to feel through.

Many of us however only see with our eyes. It is sad to see only with the eyes.

This is but the beginning.

Real seeing lies in feeling and that is what Plato meant. Plato understood that few people really feel. They are like the little garden snail which must prick its own flesh to arouse feeling. The little garden snail must even prick its own flesh to arouse desire for a mate.

When I was a boy my old music teacher had a large cabinet in which he stored a great mass of music compositions. He always called this cabinet his *musical cupboard*.

That is the way it is with people who do not feel pedants who have no haptic feeling but who write about esthetics and pedants who teach harmony and pedants who teach drawing and painting receptacles where music and art are stored that is what they are *musical cupboards* that is what they are.

There is a big difference between a creative act and a pedantic attitude.

It is like when old Dr. Johnson said about somebody that he would wait until he found out if he was a fountain or a cistern.

Once Van Gogh wrote to his brother like this. See how strongly the trunks are rooted in the ground. I began to paint them with the brush and was unable to bring out the characteristics of the soil I pressed roots and trunks out of the tube.

Now they stand in it and grow out of it and have firmly taken root.

That is the way Van Gogh wrote about feeling. It is nature at work.

With overwhelming haptic feeling Picasso creates an organism which grows out of his organism osmosis and this organism then lives in its own right.

It is true that the mother's blood does not pass into the blood vessels of the child but the constituents inevitable to the life pass through. Something of the mother passes through something of the body. Something of Picasso's body passes through into his *Guernica*. His body follows into every line. Like William James once said not about Picasso but about somebody but it can also be said about Picasso. . . . that his pictures follow his body without crease or wrinkle like elastic silk underclothing follows the movements of one's body. And his pencil and his brush are like that because these things are like a part of his body. He does not need to hold them. They grow out of him like his fingernails or like his teeth grow out of him.

That is why something is true.

They say it is true always true even if sadly true that the schema of the human body made by a crippled child is distorted on the side of the child's own unfortunate defect.

They say this is true.

Leonardo said something like it also. He said it

like this that the painter who has clumsy hands will reproduce the same in his works and he says the same thing will happen with every limb unless long study prevents it. And he warns the painter to take careful note of the part in himself which is most misshapen and he says to apply himself by study to remedy this entirely.

What Leonardo did not know was that with this advice he was casting aside in principle what is most real in an art-act haptic immediacy.

They have said and they still say it that the heads Picasso makes are Summerian heads. I say however that if you will look at Picasso's head you will see a head like a Summerian head. But this head he did not make because it is his head and all heads that he does make are like this his head.

Those of us who know Picasso know the astounding resemblance his head has to those heads he makes. Look at Picasso's head and then look at all the heads in *Guernica* even the head of the bull.

That is why the artist wants to be as a child because art starts in the body. An art-act is primarily a body-act. The body is extended into art. Unfortunately this body feeling is usually lost when the child grows up.

This is always sad.

The visual seeing intrudes upon the haptic feeling until finally the child merely sees and no longer feels. The seeing is lost in the feeling.

That is the difference between mere talent and genius.

The genius is so organized that he keeps his haptic beginning inside his body all through his life like a seed. He does not lose his beginning. It is wonderful not to lose the beginning. And he puts the actual beginnings the actual physiological beginnings into the art-act.

A child draws or paints like the newborn oriole sings . . . not a song it has learned but a song it feels. In a like manner a child draws what it feels not what it sees through its eyes. Children who are almost without sight can draw their feeling most completely. Those that see best are usually the first to lose the haptic feeling . . . later they go to art-school but then it is too late.

Now go back to Picasso's *Guernica*.

How can you expect an onlooker to live a picture of mine as I lived it is what Picasso asks.

This is my answer.

Look at the Bull at the left-hand side of the *Guernica*. Look at it and see that the head is in profile but the eyes and nostrils are not. They face the front.

Here is proof of everything I have so far said about Picasso's *Guernica*. You can have this proof if you will follow me. If you will do what I say now. Then you will know.

Put a finger of your left hand in the middle of your forehead just where your hair starts to grow.

Then run your finger slowly down the middle of your face and down to your breast. While you are doing this thing with your left hand draw what you are feeling with your right hand. If you do this exactly you will draw your profile exactly as you feel it. You cannot ever that is normally see your profile but you can feel it and put your feeling down on paper.

This is a haptic experience.

Well you now have your profile down on paper.

Now again you must be careful and do exactly what I say. Find your eyes with your fingers. They are side by side. Of course they are so you put them down exactly as you feel them. Do the same with your nostrils.

Now find an ear with your fingers of course. You can find only one ear with your left hand and your right hand is busy so you put down on paper your ear. Put it down where you feel it is. There you have the process of Picasso's Bull. You can see this same process about the eyes and so on in the faces of the others.

Now you understand that it is this way.

But I do not mean Picasso goes through such a performance. But he has the feeling of it inside him. He lives this feeling and it is inside him whenever he paints. This feeling is a part of his creative feeling a part of his haptic feeling. And I asked you to do this simply so you also would have

lived this feeling inside you and you would know what I mean when I say Picasso has haptic feeling.

I know about Matisse and how he drew a series of nudes blindly without looking at his work merely feeling the line inside his body.

And then I once knew an Italian who was insanely happy with sculpture and yet he never looked at it but he would close his eyes and run his fingers over it.

So I mean just what I say.

It is like this that sometimes you have had a hurt. And then the hurt went away. And then later you want to paint and you want to paint this hurt. So you do not paint what you remember made the hurt or how you looked at the time but you again feel the actual hurt in your body as you lived it and put the living hurt down on canvas.

Picasso felt all the hurts that he had ever had in his body when he painted the *Guernica*. Picasso was not in Guernica when he did this. He was in Paris. But he could feel the hurts in Paris because he was in Paris and the hurts were in his own body in Paris.

And when I saw the painting I could feel the hurts in my body.

Look at the hoof of the horse at the bottom of the picture. It is turned toward you because if a horse crushed you that is what you would feel. You would feel the hoof and cold iron shoe. Picasso paints what that hoof would do to you.

He does not mean to paint a hoof. It is that way with my little dog when I feed him. He licks my hand because that is the only part of my body he takes food from. That is the only part of my body that affects him. And of course he does not know it is a hand.

I cannot talk about everything in the *Guernica* now. Later however I will talk more and more and I will talk about form. I do not want to do this now but there is one more thing and this is a very important thing. *There are no shadows in Picasso's Guernica.*

Why are there no shadows.

There are no shadows because you cannot feel a shadow.

You can only see a shadow.

Byzantine painters of a long time ago did this thing they left out seen shadows for the same reason. Look at Cimibue's *Madonna* at any real Byzantine Madonna and you will see peculiar sorrow-shadows under the eyes little dark inverted triangles. These sorrow-shadows are not shadows seen by ~~the painter~~. They are haptic shadows because they can be felt on your own face with your own fingers when you are very tired or very sad and very tired like the Madonna.

In the beginning I said that this picture of *Guernica* was all Picasso and then I said it was almost all Picasso and I said something about the window. Look at the picture and you will see a

shadow inside the top of the window. That shadow is a visual shadow. Nobody could feel that shadow. And there you have why I said what I did say that the window in the picture was not all Picasso it is a window.

There is one more thing in *Guernica*. It is so small that it is not important in the picture like the window is important. The window is a structural need where it is and my talking about it is merely that it is something seen by Picasso and not something felt by Picasso. It is visual art whereas almost everything else in the *Guernica* is haptic art.

But as I say there is another little visual event.

If you will look at the head of the Bull you will see the ear that I just spoke about and if you will look a little longer you will see the tip of another ear in the back of the big ear. Now this ear is a visual ear. No one ever felt an ear coming out of the top of a head and there is no haptic reason to put it there. It is visual but not as important in the picture as the window.

The picture of *Guernica* is feeling not seeing. Understand that and you will understand.

The great craftsmanship is hidden.

Picasso does not want to show off. He does not flaunt his craftsmanship. In fact he says it that he does not want anybody to know how his pictures are done. He says that nothing but emotion should come off of his pictures.

Tolstoy wrote like this about art. He came near

discovering this primal thing about art. He insisted upon the emotional impulse. But his emotional impulse was concerned with the subject matter not the subject manner. What a world of difference there is between the subject matter and the subject manner.

Tolstoy was a writer and when he wrote about art he fell over his own baggage.

Once Rousseau painted a picture of a woman in a dense but rhythmic forest. The woman is very large. She is as big as the trees. At her feet are a white sheep and a black sheep.

Could Rousseau see visually the mighty forests of his painted world and the woman how haptic is the enormous woman and beside her two tiny sheep. Rousseau's eyes were always open in childlike wonder and every painting he painted is painted as if he had enormous eyes eyes that never interfered with his sight so that his whole body could feel through them. His body became his landscape and his woman and his animals. They are not things. They are happenings inside his body like with Picasso and Miro like with Chagall like with Merida and Brancusi and Braque and Kandinsky and more and more.

It is like this. There is Rubens and there is Picasso. Well Rubens lived when he did and Picasso lives when he does. And of course this makes a difference. In Rubens the subject matter

disguises the structure and in Picasso the structure dispels with a subject matter. When Rubens lived he was compelled to hide the structure and when Picasso lives he is impelled to hide the subject matter.

And today it happens that when almost everybody looks at a Rubens they see only the nouns and they call it representational art. But knowing nothing and feeling nothing about structure they can know nothing nor feel nothing about art. They can only play with the subject matter as if they were reading it in a book or saw it in a mirror.

And when they see a Picasso they try to do the same thing but they cannot do this because the structure comes between them and what they think they should see the subject matter.

So that is why I say that there is more art in the new men than in the old ones.

In the old ones the subject matter determines the direction. But in the new ones those of today the structure is determined by the haptic feeling.

I will tell much more about this later.

Now however I will tell that in the representational painting of the old ones something happens that does not happen in the absolute painting of the new ones.

In painting about subject matter both the artist and the picture lose their freedom. The artist starts with a structural seed which has all the right to live

and mature in an organic manner like everything else that is living. In representational painting this cannot happen because the structural seed is twisted and tortured to fit the look of some subject matter. The seed is turned aside from the path of its nature-growth. And so instead of following its own inherent direction it arrives at a wholly unexpected and foreign climax. It is like if an acorn should be made to grow into a maple tree.

It arrives at a false conclusion.

It does not arrive at this false conclusion because of its own organization but because it has been manipulated so as to fit some subject matter.

But the new ones do not manipulate the structure to fit a subject matter.

There is no subject matter in the *Guernica*. What is in the *Guernica* is a subject manner. And as I said there is a world of difference between subject matter and subject manner. The *Guernica* is made out of feeling and out of feeling only.

This is a new kind of art.

This art is reborn in our day and is maturing in our day.

It has been in the world a long time ago and at different times and at different places in caves and on monuments and on sarcophagi. But it was never understood except by those few then and these few now.

Picasso's *Guernica* is not at all a representational painting. That is it is not imitative in any

part except the window and except the ear that seems to grow on the top of the Bull's head. These are representational things. And if the ear really grew where it is painted we would not need to include it. How can a picture be representational when nothing in the picture except these two lapses are visual things and all the rest of the picture is pure haptic feeling. I will admit you can if you wish transmute these feelings into things and use nouns and name them but then you will completely miss the picture.

Picasso did not have a noun image in his mind say like an image of a bull or a horse or a warrior and say inside himself now I am going to put these images down on canvas.

No he did not do this.

He said like this I have hurts endless hurts inside and they want to come out and they must come out. So he put his frightful hurts down on canvas and now when we look at what he did so many of us unfortunately see only a horse or a bull or a woman.

We see only things.

We see only nouns that Picasso never had inside him.

It is like this. I go to the piano and play and play and while I play I weep and weep and all my hurts are coming out of me. And you say to me what are you playing. I say I am just playing my hurts that is all. And you say oh I am sorry I

thought I heard something of *Tristan* or *Le Sacre* or something like that. And I say no no I am just playing my hurts. And so if Picasso is putting his hurts on canvas and some of us just are sorry and merely see a bull and a horse and women or something else who can help it.

Of course I do not mean that the *Guernica* is an improvization.

Everybody should know that it is a wonderful feeling to make something out of feeling.

There is a story about an Indian. He lived out on the desert and was a silver-worker and was asked by a lady to make a necklace of silver beads. When it was done the lady said No. That is she said no she would not take it and she said It is not right. She said every bead is a different size and every bead is a different shape. But the Indian smiled. He smiled as if with two smiles one for himself that was glad and one for the lady that was sad and he said he could not help it. He said I make one bead every day and every day I feel different.

It is a wonderful feeling to make something out of feeling.

This feeling I have been talking about must be done in art-materials without losing what is called form. Just as the haptic experiences felt inside the body can be expressed on the face in any degree without losing the face just so the same

feeling can be expressed in art-materials without losing the form.

Picasso never sacrifices his haptic quality for the form and on the other hand he never allows a schema to develop to the detriment of his haptic feeling. A schema is really like a formula. I do not like to use the word formula. It is so much like an apothecary. I use the word schema. Anyhow Picasso never allows a schema to develop out of his feeling. His line is neither learned nor acquired nor imitative. Picasso's line is liquid and follows minutely every autoplastic tremor of his body. Like Henry James said about something about somebody else.

At first Picasso tells us that is his paintings tell us the first paintings tell us that he sees and can see normally.

Like I see and you.

But nevertheless there is in the very early efforts a striving to go deeper inside himself. But in his earliest early period it is still impossible for him to put his body sensations down and make something new.

In other words this is how it is. At first Picasso felt inside his skin something that wanted to come out but when it did it was so much like other things that had come out of other people that no new picture that is no new art resulted.

It was the same art that always was art.

That was a long time ago.

And so a long time ago Picasso just painted. He just painted like everyone else painted. In this time he painted like other great painters painted.

But when a man paints like other great painters it means that he is not a great painter.

Then a change came.

It came slowly.

If it comes to anyone it comes slowly.

Picasso began to know about himself inside and he tried to pour out his haptic feeling his body sensations. Once he almost made a schema. But he would not really do this thing because his haptic feeling was so strong it would always run over the edges of any receptacle. It was too strong for a container. So he did not stay in this phase for a long time.

They called it cubism.

Although Picasso knew that the pure haptic factor left entirely to itself becomes ungovernable. He knew that the body with its magnificent energy easily goes too far. And he knew that eventually this would lead to license and to undisciplined distortions. Picasso knew the body has no limits but exhaustion no boundaries but the lessons of painful experience. Picasso knew that haptic feeling without an anchor could not of itself be a complete art-act. Picasso knew there must be an anchor.

Then finally came the great time. It is impossible to say exactly when this time came. But it came that is the important matter. It came and it is

here now. It is the *Guernica*. There it is in full flower. Form and body his body Picasso's body and form are fused. There are many who can fuse an image and form into art. There have been many and many like this but not many like Picasso and only one Picasso. He can fuse his haptic feeling into form.

If I were asked who stands closest to Picasso in this I would say at once Miro and Klee. There would be no hesitation. I would say at once Miro and Klee. Miro is like Picasso but he is not like him. I mean it is like this. Miro like Picasso is completely an organism. The difference between their being alike is that Miro draws *forms* out of his body and Picasso draws his body out into *form*.

Miro draws living organisms out of his body. They have lived inside his body and he merely releases them and they float through time and space. In Miro time and space seem to have become one with his feeling. His pictures are feeling in time-space.

And then there is Merida the most sensitive of the Mexicans. He is as organic as a flower from seed to blossom. With a few lines he conjures up vast spaces. Sometimes a wandering line moves mysteriously through these astronomical spaces like the mind wanders into the future. And sometimes Merida invents inhabitants for his distilled worlds . . . neural creatures . . . made out of nerve substance.

Once I saw as if a man was raising a big beam of wood. He was going to build a house and he was raising a big beam of wood and he was going to stand it upright. He was doing a structural act. But *he* was doing it. That is what I saw.

How was he doing it.

Well something was coming out of him out of his body and was lifting the big wooden beam into its structural place. I could not see what it was that was coming out of him but I could feel it.

There seemed to be a battle between the man and the big beam. The beam wanted to lie down flat on the ground but the man wanted it to stand up and when it did stand up it seemed very well pleased and very well satisfied and so was the man.

Art is like that.

In an art-act something flows out of you and it is the haptic feeling I am telling about. But to be art it must become form . . . it must stand up.

So as I say there is something more besides the haptic and it is like the beam that the man wanted to have stand upright and this something is very important and it also is in the *Guernica* and we will find it.

3

This then is the first thing I learned. This that I learned is how not to let nouns into art. I learned how not to let them get on canvas or in stone or something.

Of course they have been letting nouns in and they have been doing this for a long time but when they did it it was not good art. I knew this and I knew it for a long time. I knew that nouns should not get into art. But I did not know how not to let them in until I saw the *Guernica*.

I had written a lot about nouns not being in art and talked a lot more about it. I knew art was made out of forces but as I say I did not know how not to let nouns in.

And this I learned from Picasso.

Picasso . . . now . . . completely does not paint nouns. That is why he is a greater Picasso than any other Picasso he has ever been. He is even greater now than the blue or the rose Picasso or the cube Picasso.

Not that Picasso ever actually painted nouns. Not that he ever painted things. But as I said before he did once paint parts of things or rather things apart and then put them together again on his canvas.

He did this.

He looked at things and he painted only where he looked . . . And when he looked again he painted again.

I explained a little of this before.

It is as if you looked at something and saw the letter W and then you painted exactly what you saw. Then you looked again and a little further over there you saw the letter H and then you would again paint exactly what you saw. And you would go on doing this until either you had painted enough or you saw enough. And you painted *WHOLE*.

Now it is possible that you may not have arranged the letters in this manner you may have arranged them with your feeling and still you may have made a *whole*.

And that is how Picasso painted some paintings when he looked at subject matter. He might have looked at the plane of a nose a plane of a cheek a plane of a chin and so on and painted these planes as he wanted and where he wanted. And in the end he has a painted *whole*. Not as it would look if he had kept on looking but as it looked after he painted every look. And even in

this way which was a long time ago Picasso did not let nouns get into his art.

Well then as I say I learned from Picasso how not to let nouns into art. What I want to know now is how not to let nouns into esthetics. And to find out about this I must start with why nouns cannot enter art.

In the first place if you have a noun inside you it means that you have an image inside you.

An image is a noun.

No matter of what an image is nevertheless it is a noun. An image of a boy or a horse or a beautiful woman all these images are nouns. And that is why an artist about to commit an art-act cannot have an image in his mind.

This at first thinking may seem strange but I will tell you why about the artist and the image.

It is because the image is a *whole*.

It is not made in time because it is a simultaneous picture of a thing.

A haptic art-act is not a *whole*. It is a continuous out-pouring. It is a continuous becoming. It becomes a *whole* in time.

It is like this. An image in the mind exists as a whole and complete. But haptic feeling is a continuous happening. An image is held in some special part of the thinking. A haptic act is all of the body . . . and further and more importantly still a haptic act is completely action and an image is *still*.

An image is *still* like a photograph.

And when it is put down on paper it is merely copied out of the thinking. It is not an art-act but it is a copy-act.

On the other hand a haptic act is an art-act. It is not a copy-act because the artist does not have an image that he wants to copy. As the haptic energy surges out of him something is coming to life that is living inside him. Not an image and not a noun but an energy. And as it comes out of him *it becomes whole* on paper or on canvas or in some other medium. It takes form.

It is like this and like no other way. Picasso as I said has a hurt in his body and he puts this hurt on his canvas. This hurt is not an image of what hurt in his body it is not like a hurting leg for instance. If it were a hurting leg then Picasso would paint a leg and that would be wrong because a leg is a thing and to paint a leg would be imitative art. Picasso paints the hurting but not the part that hurts. He paints with verbs but never the nouns. Picasso has no nouns inside him and it is wrong to see nouns in his *Guernica*.

I think that Picasso never really has had a noun inside him.

It took a long time for me to understand that nouns are completely not important in painting. It took a long time to find out the same about sculpture. And the same about the landscape.

Now when looking at a painting I strip myself of everything except feeling . . . I am all feeling

when I look at a painting. Feeling that you can feel with your hands and feeling that you feel when one organ in your body presses against another organ in your body and one muscle in your body pulls another muscle in your body.

I refuse to allow a noun to come inside me.

This is where the first trouble always comes.

This is where they have trouble.

The moment they look they start pasting their nouns all over the picture.

They seek out fractions and they look for resemblances and they find accidents and try to make nouns out of them. They try to make *every* act like the images they have inside them. Every . . . not every *thing* . . . but just that which is *every* is made into a noun. A force a feeling is made into a noun. And when it fits their image they are satisfied . . . but the picture stays outside them.

And that is sad for them.

I found this out as I say that a noun is not the livingness in the picture. I had once thought that it was. I thought so so much that I used to save nouns.

After I learned this however I revolted against the noun.

I thought is it not pathetic to think that the astronomer carries his nouns to the stars.

But as I say I used to save nouns.

I cut leaves and flowers and pasted them in big books. I caught butterflies and stuck them on huge

cards. I dissected spiders and worms and gophers and birds. Everything was properly labeled and catalogued. And then . . . then I discovered that all this meant absolutely nothing to me. I had actually for the time being lost everything.

I had lost the livingness in life.

—These cases and records were mere souvenirs with the livingness gone out . . . like the empty shells one picks up on the seashore.

I never saved nouns again.

I said to myself that livingness is a process and the moment a livingness is named . . . the moment a noun comes between me and a process I have lost touch with the process. Like a curtain the noun comes between me and the real.

The noun congeals.

It halts all movement it stops all flow.

To label a livingness is to make a thing out of it. At that moment the noun robs one of the feeling for the organic unfolding which is livingness.

When I say apple and have in my hand such a livingness the very noun *apple* robs the event of its uniqueness and its individuality. It ceases to live . . . that is it ceases to live in my feeling and it might as well be thrown back in the barrel with the rest of the apples.

Try it.

Go out in the orchard in the early morning. Tread lightly for under your heavy boots are thousands of silent worlds so small so easily crushed.

Go out I say and find an apple tree.

Now pick out a small green apple.

Stand silently before it.

Do not pick it from the tree . . . that is the crux of the illustration . . . no you should not pick your apple from the tree. Just show it to me. After a moment go back into your house.

Some weeks later again in the early morning go out into the orchard . . . again treading lightly so lightly that you feel the mystery of the moment . . . for you are going to make an indelible discovery . . . an incalculable something. Find the same apple you showed me.

Find your apple.

This one you say.

You say this is the apple you saw before.

But wait . . . are you telling the truth.

Look at me.

The living event you called *apple* the first time you were out was small and perfectly round and hardly as large as your tea ball. And besides that it was green and white with touches here and there of yellow. And there was a slight purplish frost-like coating over it . . . like the powdered glitter sprinkled on the cotton under our Christmas tree.

But this apple that you point out to me now is not like this. This apple is big and is gorgeously red with great streaks of yellow as if the liquid of the sun had dripped down its sides. No this can't

possibly be the same apple. It is however the same process but at another time.

But at both times you said apple.

You want to make a noun out of a livingness and your noun denies the movement in time. Your noun denies this ever changing ever surging process. In a sense your noun completely nails a process to one particular spot in time.

Well you might ask if an apple is not an apple then what is it.

I can only answer in the words of St. Augustine when they asked him what is time. And he said if no one questions me I know and if I would explain to a questioner I know not.

I am sure that Jacob Boehm would have given the same answer.

But not Kant.

Well I do not know what an apple is. I only know that a livingness cannot be a noun. Even when a noun is a label for something you can see it does not tell about anything.

Cezanne never could have painted his livingness on his canvas had he had nouns inside him. To him an apple never really was an apple. It was first of all a feeling inside his own body *which had no name and was no thing*.

And Picasso could not have painted the *Guer-nica* if he had had nouns inside him.

I remember the portrait of Mr. P'ei K'ai. The artist was the great and ancient Mr. Ku Kai-chih

and he painted the portrait of an official of immense learning and sagacity in a manner which would show about these things.

How did he paint to show about these things.

Well the great Mr. Ku Kai-chih added three hairs on the chin of his patron which suggested strongly . . . ever so strongly . . . to the courtly beholders the immense learning of Mr. P'ei K'ai.

These hairs on the chin of Mr P'ei K'ai . . . and this is the point . . . these hairs are not hairs that one sees casually . . . any kind of hairs upon anybody's chin. Nor are they imitated hairs of the man Mr P'ei K'ai who is being painted. These hairs are the living hairs of the great Mr Ku himself.

They are his hairs.

They grow out of his body upon the paper before his eyes.

They grow on paper.

These hairs . . . these three hairs are the three greatest hairs in the world . . . They are the hairs of the greatest painter in the world . . . the ancestors know that . . . and now somehow . . . miraculously they grow on the chin of Mr P'ei K'ai.

Mr Ku bowed gratefully.

Mr Ku Kai-chih bowed reverently.

4

As I say after I saw Picasso's *Guernica* I knew completely about nouns in art and then I found out about nouns in esthetics. And I found out that the nouns like beauty and ugliness are danger signals to the artist. Just as nouns like man and woman and horse and tree and hill and such are also danger signals. These nouns in art will bring catastrophe with the inevitable certainty that it came to Werther.

I learned this as I say from Picasso.

The noun beauty has hurt the artist and his art. It has been used for a long time. Now however they have a new noun. This noun is one of intimidation. This is a noun with which they beat the artist about to commit an art-act.

The word is ugliness.

With this word they frighten and crush they threaten and destroy. That makes a real art-act difficult . . . almost impossible. They use this word when they speak of Picasso. Ugliness is not mere

absence of beauty. It is not a mere void but an aching void writes one critic.

And so they all write.

I have a friend who aches frightfully before a picture of Picasso whereas I thrill before the same picture.

This gave me a clew.

Art is not a question of beauty and ugliness. Art is a question of whether you can laugh and sing or whether you can weep. Picasso was weeping when he made the *Guernica*. Something agonizing was happening to him inside his skin. And he drew this terrible happening out of his body and put it down on canvas.

And there it is.

When you weep it does something bitter to you inside.

When you laugh or sing it also does something to you inside your skin. It does something else to you. It opens wide your channels of expression. Like your pores open after a happy hot bath. It releases the kinks in your nervous system. Like Saroyan says the best philosophy is full of loud laughter and dancing.

There was one day in Paris. I was visiting Kandinsky. Standing before his easel he was painting one of his exquisite abstractions which have made him so important. Only this time he was doing a series of small ones all on the same canvas. Suddenly he turned to me and said Wir muessen

auch ein bisschen spass haben nicht war. That is he said We also must have a little fun not so. With that he laughed gleefully.

We both laughed gleefully. And Kandinsky is a very great man.

We laughed like little children.

We were little children. And in this mood of a little child Kandinsky was creating one of his exquisite little phantasies. Pulling them out of his nervous system with the frankness and naivete of a child. Or even like the spider pulls its mystic and delicate web from its body. Or even like the perfumed blossom pulls its petals out of its own stem.

No wonder we both laughed gleefully.

Did not Casca before he stabbed smell the sword to be sure no one had split a herring with it. Heine felt the close relation between laughter and tragedy.

Only when you can laugh and only when you can weep can you feel art. Because only when you do these things can you embrace the landscape. The man who curls himself up about his navel and prays does not know this. He forgets that he is one with the landscape and with nature. He overlooks his oneness with everything. There was a time when art was made for the man who hovers over his navel. There was this time when there was Byzantine art and all that it was and all that it meant. But today now in the time of Picasso and in the time of his *Guernica* in the time when men

can weep and when men can laugh art is no longer for those old kind and their navels.

No.

Art today is for the man with his feet on the ground . . . not his knees.

I can point my finger at a man who is weeping and I can say that that man is weeping and I can point my finger at a man who is laughing and can say that that man is laughing. But I cannot point my finger at anything nor at something and say that it is beauty or that it is ugliness. If I cannot point my finger at something I cannot believe it to be real.

Bosanquet wrote a book about esthetics and he says that art is beauty and beauty is art. He says that esthetics is to know all you can about beauty. I did not believe this but they said of course this is true you can find out all about it in the dictionary.

Again it was the dictionary.

But I said yes I did look in the dictionary and I cannot feel satisfied. What I found cannot be the truth because this is what I read. The dictionary said that the branch of philosophy dealing with beauty or the beautiful in the fine arts is esthetics.

Well then the study of esthetics is sick. I know the mere mention of the word frightens people. People are afraid of esthetics. There have been hundreds of so-called esthetics and hundreds of esthetic Baedeckers. And each one wanted to administer his own special kind of anaesthetic.

So many esthetic theories all of them made out of nouns have appeared only to disappear into the mist of passing days. Each has been fathered and furthered in a most earnest manner.

It is like this. It was one sunny afternoon and I was in Mexico City standing before the statue of Benito Juarez and I said to a Mexican who was close with me this fellow Juarez he was a great Presidente.

That is what I said.

Si Senor he was the greatest.

That was what he said.

But I thought Diaz was the greatest.

That was what I said.

Si Senor he was greater he said.

What then of Madero.

Ah Senor he was the greatest of them all.

You think that Madero was the greatest of them all.

Si Senor you are right he was.

Greater than Zapata.

Zapata is the greatest. Ah Senor Senor there are so many. That is what he said.

And that is the way it is with esthetic theories.

There are so very very many.

There was Plato.

There was Aristotle.

There was Kant.

There was Hegel.

There was Fechner.

There were others.

There were many others and I read them all. I see them all like fat men sitting in a circle smoking big cigars with wide bands.

All wear halos.

Of course they are worth looking at. So are the pyramids. They are great because they are big. And they are made of stone. And it takes so long for a stone to die.

I looked at everyone of them. I read for years. And did I learn about art. Or did I learn about music. Did I learn about these things.

I did not.

I most certainly did not.

I did however learn not to read them anymore. That is what I did learn. And I learned that to know about art one must look.

In painting I started first with bad pictures. It is all right to start first with bad pictures.

So I started that way.

I looked at them until I saw the badness in them. Then I looked at better pictures. I looked at them until I saw the badness in them. And finally I came to art. To creative art.

And here I am.

I used to worry. I used to have periodic spells of worry. I used to ask what is this thing called esthetics. Is it merely a word merely a noun like other nouns. And the more I tried to find out about this the more confused the end became. The word

itself . . . esthetics . . . became thinner and thinner and then finally it sounded hollow and empty. It sounded as if all the meaning had gone out of it. It was like a word written on the wind. Is it merely a euphemism. A euphonism is like when you ask for the dressing room when you really want the water-closet.

I discovered that art has been living with a pseudo-esthetic like Ibsen's Nora discovered that she has lived for years with a strange man.

Then came Picasso.

And as I said I learned that the whole trouble was in the nouns. I learned that all esthetic theory had been made out of nouns. The noun is the ever-present dilemma . . . like a dead body inadvertently left under the floor.

None of these noun theories has altered the course of art. Not any more than the noun theories of Rousseau or Marx altered the course of the landscape. With their nouns they erect an elaborate scaffolding. And then they forget about the structure that should have been.

A theory of esthetics built upon nouns is like a certain little lizard. You catch him by the tail and he scampers away leaving his tail behind him . . . for another philosopher to clutch at.

I used to read Maxim Gorky. He wrote a story like this and he called it *Blue Life* and it was grim and pitiful because in it a dreamy young peasant

was in search of beauty in the provincial wilds of Russia.

It ended in madness.

Gorky's peasant did not know that it is tragic to look for something real behind an unidentifiable noun.

There are two kinds of nouns.

There is a noun like *apple* and when you say it you can point at something. Then there is a noun like *ghost* and you cannot point at anything. And *beauty* is like that. You make a noise but you can't find anything real in the landscape to point at.

It is wrong to make the word *beautiful* into a noun. Beautiful is about a relation. It is like this here is an apple and there is a man and the man says he likes the apple and he says it is beautiful to him. Take away the apple or take away the man break the link which relates the one to the other and what happens to *beautiful*.

It goes away.

Now enters the noun . . . beauty.

Consequently beauty is a label for an absence . . . for a zero. The cause for beautiful has gone and with it the effect. Beautiful is nothing more than the *and* between man and the apple. But *beauty* as a noun is non-existent . . . a reification.

And then here is the answer. To construct an esthetic upon an absence called beauty is madness. And so Gorky's peasant and the esthetic philosopher are both mad in a same way. Because it is

certain that to posit a reified noun and believe it to have an identity and then build an elaborate scaffolding on it and call it *esthetics* is a kind of madness.

Reifications are fictions in search of reality.

Scenes laid in Ghost Town.

But even the Greeks did it. They reified even *oblivion*. They clothed oblivion with reality and gave it life. They turned *oblivion* into a Goddess and cut her in stone and called her *Lethe*.

And the Aztecs followed.

They started the world with zero. And ever after . . . that is to them . . . nothing was something and every month on their calendar starts with nothing instead of one.

I see reification all around.

The landscape is loaded with it.

Man is weighted down with it.

I see reification of the noun in the assertion Iamblicus made that the Divine substance is actually present in the painting on the Basilica wall. I see reification of the noun in the action of the Toda of the Nilgiri hills in India who feeds milk to his cattlebell. I see these things as reifications just as well as I see reification in the nouns like soul and spirit and beauty and principle and just as I do in witch ghost devil and hell.

I shudder deep inside me at some of the lower religious forms of noun reification. There is something strange it is this that certain lower groups

of noun reifiers all have the same cadaverous complexions . . . even the same odor . . . as if they grew under a board.

When I was a boy I had an Aunt. She actually suffered from what she reified as good. Good became something real to her as if it were hard and thick and had a body. This Aunt was pale and quiet and sweet. She spoke softly and ate little. She was also very straight. She was very straight . . . but she always stooped to pick me up. This Aunt did oil paintings. She always painted angels. Their wings became bigger and bigger. Finally she entered a convent.

And there she is as if she were not my Aunt any longer.

De Gourmont says it like this that many times he has written the word beauty but almost never without being conscious of writing down an absurdity. There are beautiful things he says but there is no such thing as beauty.

Sometimes de Gourmont has a bullet in his gun like Freischutz had. All of the bullets Freischutz had were destined by fate to hit the mark. All that is except the last one and that belonged to the devil. And when de Gourmont says that there is no such thing as beauty and then adds like he does when he says because there is no absolute that last word belongs to the devil because he shows that even he did not see that the word *absolute* itself is also a noun reification. Not even this great

man saw that the moment an adjective is changed into a noun it dies.

After I saw painting by Picasso there came inside me a deep-seated revolt against the dictatorship of nouns in art. And then I arrived at the place where I no longer allowed nouns to frame my life for me nor explain it. And now I am at the place where when I meet a man the first thing I want to know about him is what nouns does he use. You can know all about a man when you know the nouns that he uses.

The idioglotic struggles of James Joyce and the almost meaningless cadences of Gertrude Stein are nothing more than an attempt to reach the nounless level of speech.

Is it not just like this that all language is nothing more than a super-structure or a sort of end-process built upon a basis of body experience. And is it not like this that all experience from a pinprick to what we call love is a body experience.

Then it is so that all language is body-language.

Nouns have deceived us.

But it is time now to do away with nouns.

Nouns are like birds . . . no matter how abstract how high they fly they must come down to earth for food. After a body experience has been lifted into the realm of words it is so very easy to forget the body experience and remember only the word.

And this is completely true of nouns.

Nouns are damnably animistic in any event but to make a noun-noise out of the play of imagination and then to kneel before it as if before an altar is utter darkness. To reify an idea and to clothe it with a vaporous reality and give it actuality is like running a cinema film backwards.

The whole process of actuality is reversed.

When it is this way in the cinema it is amusing.

In life it is tragic.

It is like the story of Pygmalion. Pygmalion made a statue out of ivory. After it was done he fell in love with it. Then Aphrodite saw it. And she put life into it. And then Pygmalion married it. He married what had been his ivory statue. And we make statues that is we make images and give these images names and the names are nouns like beauty or spirit or mind or something else. We try to make something real out of objectifications out of reifications. But alas and this is the too bad side of it we have no Goddesses we have no Aphrodite to give life to our image so what do we do we quarrel about this with other people who also have made images which have no life and have named them with lifeless nouns.

Jean Cocteau likes to tell it and it is like this that once a lady was leaving the Cinema and she had just seen the *Thief of Bagdad* and she said I don't like that and she said I liked the *Three Musketeers* better . . . *at least that happened.*

We think the abstract noun becomes real and then we think that it is something and then we believe it and when it is believed we know it must be real and so on.

It is like those little Japanese dancing mice who can move only in circles.

Is it not right that speech is merely a body adventure in sound. Even sound as sound can make one feel something in the body. The peculiar tone of the oboe in the orchestra does it to me. The sound of the words such as the horror-sounds of the *Inferno* set up something horrible inside one as if Dante knew all about this. And the smooth round tones in the *Paradiso* they do something laughing and singing inside the body.

This is the imageless side of literature.

Is that probably the way language is first made. Is that how words are first uttered. One has an intense feeling inside . . . subtle unique magnificently personal and body-like. A body condition is formed and a neural configuration takes place . . . a sound is made . . . a word is born . . . language . . . from the profound depths of body.

The word is made only to die.

The moment it falls upon alien ears it is already partly dead. When it is taken up into anybody's and everybody's talking it is too late for it to be what it was in the beginning. It hardens so quickly . . . it congeals . . . it stiffens. It then enters the dictionary . . . a cadaver.

And yet when I ask about anything they say well you must go to the dictionary.

Will it then seem strange if I say that language is a haptic act.

Has it ever been noticed that speaking is a haptic act and that people who do not speak in a haptic manner hardly move their lips when they speak. And has it ever been noticed that these people who do not move their lips when they speak cannot commit an art-act.

Well then this is what is clear. From Picasso I learned how not to let nouns enter art. And as esthetics is about art nouns also should not enter esthetics. And if they cannot enter and yet all of the theories about art and about esthetics are about nouns then something has happened . . . or has not happened.

Something has not happened.

They have been talking about nouns and not about esthetics.

So where are they.

A theory can never rise higher than its primary structural assumptions. And when the primary structural assumptions are un-identifiable nouns it cannot rise.

To try so hard to make an esthetic based upon nouns is to commence at the end instead of at the beginning.

They go on and on they go higher and higher and they become more and more abstract striving

to reach the Horeb heights of absolute esthetics. It is like the man who tried to count all the numbers. He tried to exhaust number and wound up by exhausting himself.

To have a noun and not have a reality for it is to have a symbol without a referent. And to have a symbol without a referent is to have a handle without a pot.

And I ask what potter would make the handle first.

Like Parsifal seeking the invisible Grail so the philosopher roams the world with a handle in his hands looking for a pot.

Is it not true then that in the high overtones and artificial harmonics of verbalisms the philosopher clinging perilously to his verbal scaffolding has always juggled his reified nouns while art has passed him by . . . untouched. It is like the Spanish radicals who during the war would debate every military question till the hour for a military decision had long passed.

Thus with a stroke of a pen do we set aside ten thousand volumes of foolishness written about "esthetics."

5

All this is like a revolution.

It is a revolution.

It is a revolution spreading over a substantial part of a lifetime.

And if at times it seems vague and if it seems dimly defined I can only say that revolutions are not darned upon the sleeve.

A revolution is deep inside the body.

It is feeling before it is history.

So many revolutionists are like Pooh-Bah. He was born sneering. But a revolution must be more than a sneer.

My revolution is like an arrow shot at an eagle. I want it to miss its mark so only the arrow falls to the ground and not the eagle.

My arrow is shot at esthetic theories which up to now have been made out of nouns. My arrow is positively not shot at the old ones at those before Picasso and Stravinsky and James Joyce and Edgar Varese.

We must keep the old ones.

However I feel that there is more art in the art of the new ones than there is in the art of the old ones.

I feel like that about it.

And yet as I say we must keep the old ones.

But it is not good to live only with the dead . . . with the ashes of history laid away in the lavender of the museum.

Ashes to be venerated need only to be put into an urn.

History is history only when it is happening. What is read later in so-called history books is the ashes of history.

Whether it is a Venus de Milo in cold stone a Cimabue Madonna or a Werther or whatever it is it holds inside its form the history of everything that made it what it is. But to us who come after it this history is the smouldering ashes of what has been . . . Like a flower which has been pressed between the leaves of a book still retains some of its perfume.

Well anyway my revolution is like Azana said of Spain that the revolution began with all the jewelers' shops open. So did mine . . . with all the museums open. And we must keep them open and we must keep the old ones in them. We must keep them because the history of the new ones comes out of the smoldering ashes of the old ones. We must keep them . . . even if what comes out of these

ashes is but a shade of what was once infinitely multiplied inside them.

The new grows out of the old.

Each new one does it like this. He passes through the history of the old ones and then he goes beyond this history and makes the history of the new ones.

It is like when I was a boy and I made a snowball. The farther I rolled the snowball the bigger it became. And behind it there remained a clear path and in the path I could see my footsteps. And when the snowball melted there on the ground were many miscellaneous bits of the landscape.

Just so does a work of art that is done today present the entire history of art telescoped into a moment. A hundred years or five hundred years or more are rolled up to be grasped at a glance.

Today a tone poem by Richard Strauss reveals the history of its culture. It would sound equally as well in Berchtesgarden as in Valhalla. It contains in essence the philosophical implications and the religion and the power-politics and economics of Germanic living from *Hildebrandslied* to *Mein Kampf*.

When a picture is a great creative act that is also the way it is.

And it is that way with Picasso. The *Guernica* holds captive all the horrors of man's cruelty from the Inquisition to the merciless bombs of Franco. And the manner in which it was painted brings

down to date the fervent agonizing self-immolation of the early mystics.

And even the geometric forms which are so completely a part of that same culture are there . . . the dome and the arch and the cloister and the circle. There is the astrology which brings the heavens to earth and there is the algebra which reveals the nature of man's substance. And even do we find over all though hardly discernible through the horror and chaos the incense from the Basilica.

Yes that is the way it is.

The new ones grow out of the old ones. And so as I say we must keep the old ones.

It is like this. I would like to study music said the pupil.

Yes said the master who happened to be Edgar Varese.

I would like to study modern composition said the pupil.

Yes said the master who happened to be Edgar Varese. Yes we will begin with Palestrina and Vittoria.

You see how it is that we must keep the old so the new ones are made possible.

And now let me tell you more about how it is. I started without convictions.

Convictions have no ears.

It is not good when anything has no ears. So I started without convictions.

I started with feelings.

Feelings listen. They are alert. They are all mine and they are inside my body. They are not outside in the dictionary.

So starting only with feeling and nothing more I came to where I am that there is more art in the new ones than in the old ones. Because if art is emotional depth then this is different from beauty. If art is weeping and laughing if it is how deep you can go into these things and how deep these things go into you then feeling is the most part of art and art with more feeling is more art than art with merely some feeling.

The painter transmutes his feelings out of his body into form onto his canvas. His feeling is not important if he cannot transmute it into form and onto his canvas.

Of course it is not like with a mere performer.

A performer steps out on the platform to play the piano and his feeling is felt at once by all those who think they have come only to listen. He then must put this feeling into the piano. But oddly sometimes he radiates so much feeling that he does not have to transfer as much as he would have to transfer if he did not have so much.

It was like this with Paderewski.

When Paderewski walked out upon the stage to play the piano his feeling came out of him so much that the moment he walked out the people

who thought they had come only to listen had already lost half of their hearing.

This is the way it is with something like playing the piano or acting or dancing but it is not this way with painting. In painting the painter might be in Paris and the picture that he painted might be in New York then you could if you were in New York you could see the painting but not the painter. So then the painter cannot rely on his personality but he must put all his feeling into his picture to make it as much art as he can.

No matter what you do you cannot do it if you have no feeling while you are doing it. And Picasso put all his feeling into his *Guernica* when he was painting it and it is the most haptic painting in the world.

People who have no haptic feeling are all alike. People who have feeling and bury it like lead in its galena are also all alike. Feeling in art is as wanted as feeling in life is wanted.

As I said people who have no feeling are all alike. The Russian Turgenief wrote a novel. One of the characters knocks on the door of an empty room and getting no answer he walks away dejectedly muttering . . . Anonymous Russia.

For twenty years I lived in a town where no one had ever heard of Picasso. In early Rome exile was not a punishment. It was a means of escape. The man about to be condemned could avoid death by voluntary exile.

My escape from this town was such an experience.

In this town where no one had ever heard of Picasso the people seemed to have no feeling. I was always sad at their pitiable depersonalization. They all seemed interchangeable. Every time I talked to one I felt as if I was talking to them all.

I often thought like this why is it that some people have so much feeling and other people have no feeling.

And then it came to me that when I was a boy and we lived on a long street. At one end of our long street was a place where the people called Catholics went to church and at the other end of our long street there was a place where the people they called Protestants went to church. And so some day the priest would pass our house and some other day the minister would pass our house. And then I looked carefully every day I watched for them to pass because I saw something that was strange. It was that the priest was thick and red and the minister was thin and white and I asked about this. I asked my uncle. He was big and drank from a bottle on our sideboard every time he came to see us. Well he looked at me and said like this that virtue like justice is probably blind. I suppose it is like that with feeling.

Suppose I go to Greece . . . Athens. There everyone spits . . . everytime everywhere. But I raise my eyes and see the Parthenon.

There is no Parthenon in the town where no one has ever heard of Picasso.

There was one painting in this town and I thought about it like this that once a Roman tragedian took a pearl from the ear of Metella and dissolved it in vinegar so that he could have the delight of swallowing forty thousand dollar's worth. And I thought this is the way it was with the man who owned the only painting in this town where no one had ever heard of Picasso.

The people in this town were very polite to me.

It was Good morning and it was Good night.

And sometimes they took off their hats.

In between all else was anonymous.

This was all very cruel . . . most unconsciously cruel. A crucifixion is not made merciful because gold spikes are used.

Well anyway in this town I had a long time to think about Picasso and I had a long time to think about nouns and esthetics without nouns.

Then came a revolution.

Sometimes something happens. At the time it happens you think that it is not important. Then later it is important so very important. It is like when someone in Spain went mad and cut off the ear of a certain Mr Jenkins. And Mr Jenkins was an Englishman. Then someone in England went mad and then England declared war on Spain.

From something unimportant came something very important.

And that is the way it is.

So when I wondered why I found out all this about Picasso and when I wondered why when I first saw some of his pictures a certain Proust-like chain of reverberations went on inside my body. I looked backwards into what I had already lived and found out about something.

At home we were always in good circumstances.

We had good food and we had good music.

Then one day tin cans made father rich. Father never was rich before and when he suddenly got rich something happened.

The first thing that happened was that I did not have to go to school any more.

This was a great thing.

I was never something in school. But I was something out of school. I know now that out of school I was completely like myself. I know now that out of school I was able to make myself in my own image and likeness.

I did not know this then.

I do know it now.

Well anyway the lessons in piano and violin and painting went on.

I did not of course like lessons of any kind. But nevertheless the lessons did go on. And even to this day I feel a something uncomfortable inside my body when I hear somebody practice Czerny.

Later a little later however a great change took

place in my life. It was like this my father surprised me one day. He found me lying on my bed in my room with my violin the bow was in my right hand and I was sawing carelessly over the the open strings and a bad book was in my other hand and I was reading it and I had some gum in my mouth.

Well this is it.

The violin lessons came to a sudden stop.

Father said that he thought he could have recovered from almost everything from the lying on the bed from the sawing on the open strings from reading of a bad book but not from the gum.

Why did some fathers not like gum.

On Sundays there were the symphony concerts. And it was go to the concerts. And at the concerts I was something. Grandfather was very full of Beethoven. It was like Philip of Spain who made Farinelli sing the same song every day and it lasted for ten years like this and Grandfather was like this and he wanted the orchestra to play the *Egmont Overture* at every rehearsal and at every concert. After he was gone my Uncle Frank conducted and he was something and then it all was the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and everything was over.

All the time all this was as it was I was reading Victor Hugo and I was reading Eugene Sue and Dostoevsky and others whose black ink came out of their bodies and spread over the landscape and I saw the world through this black ink. It was

like wearing black ink glasses and the world was like it looks through black ink glasses and I was like that.

But then when early I found out about girls and what they have it was as if my glasses were rose. Now that I know all that I did know and also what I do know I wear bifocals.

And now I must tell something immensely important.

The word religion was never uttered in our home. There was a total absence of read the Bible and go to Sunday school and go to church. When my seventeenth year came I had only been inside a church once. That was when one of my aunts got married.

It was just as well I think now that I look back. I certainly would not have believed about religion because very early I found a lie inside my father and inside my stepmother. I was never the same about what they said to me after that.

Even a bar of cold iron is never like it was after it has been severely jarred.

It was like this and it was at Christmas time.

There always was a Christmas tree and Santa Claus was there and he said like he said every year that I should be good or he would never come to our house again and then just as he was talking his long white whiskers fell off of his face and there stood my red uncle.

Later that night when I was alone under the

Christmas tree I knew that it was all a lie about Santa Claus and about Christmas and the things on the tree and everything.

It was like a kick in an anthill.

Much later after a long time there was another time when another thing could have happened.

It did not happen because it was for the same reason.

It was in the Louvre in Paris and I saw the Hammurabi stone and knew it was about five hundred years in time before Moses and I found out about the laws written on it. Not ten laws but two hundred ninety-four laws about everything there could be a law about.

Then I thought of all the people.

And then I thought Moses! Moses!

Although my father was not religious nevertheless he was made hard and he had inside him some stern unbending stuff.

Anyway in those days all fathers were hard.

Today like Gauguin said fathers are stuffed. Even football players call themselves *Trojans* and then thumb their way to the field.

Mother I cannot remember as she died and I was born. And my Grandfather was my mother. I had an older brother and then I had a sister. Then later came a stepmother and then I got three half brothers.

My stepmother was strong.

She was like Napoleon said of the Empress

of Russia worthy of growing a beard upon her chin.

Although as I say I was free from going to Sunday school and going to church and hearing about religion and I was allowed to find my own channels of expression nevertheless our home was not loosely put together. Indeed Father always said that there was a certain decorum that must be in the home at all times.

From his standard to the utter abandon of James Joyce is an immense expanse . . . somewhere in this misty vastness I have always bobbed about uncomfortably.

Once something happened that I can never forget. When I was about ten years I danced a haptic dance in the nude on our front lawn to the glee of my playfriends . . . but to the profound astonishment of the neighbors . . . and the uncontrollable wrath of my completely humiliated father.

He beat me.

Had I lived in India I would have like the Indians killed myself purely for revenge. It was hard to understand about clothing when plants and animals never wore any.

It seems to me now that when a man gets full of religious nouns or when he gets old he builds an altar out of his impotence.

It was age with my father.

My father could not tell the difference between a-moral and im-moral.

Neither could I.

That is why we always went in different directions.

He called me Panurge.

All the years that I was young and at home I fought the iron discipline of the home. They say that freedom of the will is something. Philosophers always talk about freedom of the will. It is a great philosophic issue. . . to me it was a tragic personal experience. The constant pressure the never-ending fear which was inside our home by our fireside was a menace to both health and freedom.

Inhibition is a form of slow suicide. Prohibition is slow murder.

Corporeal punishment was always something that happened every day. And many times I heard my father boast even as the father of the Irish poet Mangan boasted about the mortal terror he put into the hearts of his children.

It is not to be wondered at then that I have a deep horror of authority of every kind.

I am afraid of it.

My body is afraid of it . . . and for all symbols of it uniforms gold buttons and gold braid and medals and epaulets vestments altars incense and dogma and nouns.

Authority even when it is backed by a precious religious attitude is a hurt to me.

There was a case like this and it was in the outskirts of our family and I know it. There was

my aunt and she was very thin and white. She was married to my fat uncle. He was religious. He wore big whiskers and big whiskers seemed to make him important and he was something and knew about God and angels and other things that I did not understand. They said he always sat bolt upright They said that he never leaned backward in his chair . . . not even in his pew.

Well after he died and they said he went to heaven because he was so full of going to church well after this color came into my aunt's face.

She got fat.

And I thought she was very pretty.

And then one day we were out in the cemetery and she was putting flowers on my uncle's grave and I asked about this and that she was fat and that she was pretty and she looked at me and I was old enough to remember what she said and she said like this that sometimes the most beautiful flowers grow on graves.

I thought I understood what she said but I understand more now.

And it is like that.

However it would be wrong if I did not say that there was a great sentimentality inside my father and there was a kindness inside him that was almost pitiable. He gave us everything the heart could crave of the toys and joys of life. But it was sad anyway because his kindness always paled in the dark shadows of that veil of steel . . .

that insistent demand for total obedience. He tried so hard to make us all like what was inside him but we had our own inside and we wanted to be like that. And I never broke down even before his wrath and uttered that Garabaldian cry *Obbedisco* . . . I obey.

I never did this.

Now I say that the lack of religious training did two things to me inside. It left me free to make myself in my own image and likeness. And it saved me very early in life from religious reification.

The fact that religious nouns were not inside me made me very wary about any nouns that were for something you could not point at. I learned later that these nouns even in the heart of the most timid religionist were always nouns about things that never were in the world.

To reify is to take a noun which has no anchor in reality and give it an anchor which does not exist. It is like a man who thinks that he is looking out of a window when he is really looking at himself in a mirror. As I said there are names of things which are not in the world like Unicorn and Phoenix and Centaur and Pegasus. Of course it is all right for the poets to talk about these things as if they were things.

Poets do not believe themselves anyway.

So many big people are like so many little people. That is when it is about religion. There was my little brother Rudy and whenever he saw a

white horse he was frightened and he would say *arica arica arica hadju hadju hadju* and he would wet his thumb in his mouth and press it in the center of his palm and then pound his palm with his fist seven times and then everything would be all-right and he would not ever again be afraid of white horses . . . until he saw another one.

And it is like that with religious nouns.

Is it not true even if you do not say that it is that religious reification that is making nouns which do not stand for something that you can point at and then kneeling before them is it not true that this has always been tainted with totem and taboo and with ritual and superstition and intolerance and dogma . . . a love that hates and a charity that robs and a piety that sins and a hope that despairs and a faith that falters.

Is this not true even if you do not say that it is.

And this is how I think about it how I think about the little men who cannot even trespass against the sun and how I think about the little men who cannot even trespass against the dead moon or even against the wind. I think little men how then if you cannot do these things how then is it possible for you to trespass against a God . . . unless you have made him out of your own pitiable nouns.

And I think more.

I think how low and limited after all are those nouns which are supposed to reach a noun heaven.

Caught in the rip-tide of pure phantasy they clothe *Omnipotence* with their limitations and inform *Omniscience* with their prayers and deny *Omni-presence* with a Sabbath and a church as the only time and place in which to practice these very self-same nouns.

I shudder when I think that Joachim of Floris wanted the whole landscape to become a vast monastery.

As I grew older I came to believe that religious nouns were a sort of sedative to make men sleep when they are supposed to be awake and worry them so that they stay awake when they are supposed to sleep.

Inside me there grew up a cold dislike and a bitter distrust for all nouns no matter in what field they appeared whether in religion or in the sciences and then finally I knew Picasso and I found out that nouns cannot enter art.

Slowly over a period of the years while I lived in the town where nobody had ever heard of Picasso the idea of a biological esthetic grew up inside me. And this idea was not only in my head but it was all over my body. I saw that there was a biological esthetic and that it was more important than any other. It was more important than what everyone said which was about a biographical esthetic.

Then more happened and I saw the entire esthetic as one with the landscape and as the basis

of everything. I saw that this was the beginning the beginning of everything and what man did with it like when he made literature and art and science. I saw that these things were merely his end-forms. I saw that at the very bottom on the pure wordless level where all livingness is similar all end-forms are also similar and differ only in texture. And I realized so clearly inside me that only the misty reified noun confused everything.

I thought well a man is like a wheel. And in the center of the wheel is a hub. When I still believed in certain nouns I called this hub the *id*. That was when I was trying to put Freud in my head. And when I was trying to put Koffka in my head I called the hub the Core. Anyway I think of a center and a circumference and in the center is a hub and it is like an idio-center where everything is as yet unborn. When I look at a wheel again and see the spokes I think how like man's nervous system that reaches out into the landscape in every direction and connects his inside with the landscape outside.

Then I see the rim and as everybody knows the rim is very important.

Picture to yourself a wheel without a rim.

Well man's rim is made up of those end-forms which I mentioned . . . art science and religion and so on. These are the periphery of man's life. These are the final crystallizations of what man has inside his body. Man cannot go beyond himself. He

cannot go out farther . . . beyond the end. He cannot go beyond his limits. And on the other hand he cannot go inside farther than inside himself.

Because the beginning is inside himself.

And certainly words and especially nouns can never become the open sesame to *before the beginning*.

So it is like this that between the hub which is the beginning and the rim which is the end everything happens that really happens.

Is it strange then that I say that an end-form is the end.

Further than that man cannot go.

What could go beyond the end.

Even a flower must go back to the beginning . . . a seed.

And life itself pure life just biological life is lived in a circle. Man tries to reach the source of everything through his end-forms. He tries to reach what to him is the infinite source through one end-form . . . religion. If this were possible then for instance to reach its source a blossom would merely have to grow bigger and bigger.

This would make the magnolia bloom nearer God than the violet.

It must be the other way.

They have been talking backwards.

Source is inside.

Source is not a riding on the periphery of life.

To reach source I must push all the end-forms

back inside me . . . art and science and religion and politics and mathematics and everything that is an end-form. An end-form is like a blossom growing out of man. And like a real blossom to find the beginning of it the blossom would have to go back into its branch then the branch would have to go back into the seed and . . . that is exactly where I stop.

I stop inside myself because inside myself is the beginning.

That is why I said that esthetics built upon nouns is nonsense. Esthetics is in the beginning not at the end. Esthetics is inside me and comes out as an end-form called art and to find esthetics the end must be pushed back into the beginning.

Religion also is an end-form. I do not talk like Lucian did and the bitterness of Swift leaves me cold. I merely say that to me religion made out of nouns is not in the beginning and esthetics made out of nouns is not in the beginning. To find the truth in each man must turn about . . . away from nouns.

Source is inside not outside.

End-forms are outside and not inside.

Man should then feel his potential inside his body and not in the noun heaven . . . out of his passionate reach.

I am something inside.

If it were outside it could be religion or art. But I will not allow it to become words.

It is like when in a letter Von Hoffmannsthal wrote that The language in which it may be given me not only to write but also to think will not be Latin or English or Italian or Spanish but a language not even one of whose words I know . . . a language in which dumb things speak to me.

Language itself is nothing more than end-form. And one end-form can no more explain another end-form than one blossom can explain another blossom.

But nevertheless I will add this I cannot help adding this that is if I did make a great noun like God . . . and is there not something pagan in the way it is said *My God* . . . that is if I did make a great noun God that noun could not be conceived that noun could never be an image and could never be cut in stone or cast in bronze nor painted on a wall nor could that noun be threatened or flattered or bribed or begged or deceived informed or cajoled.

I have inside me what could be called religion if it were outside me in nouns.

Inside me it is the same as the religion of my dog and my hibiscus. It is a source and not a destination. My feeling is below the level of words and has but one symbol . . . the prime phenomenon . . . myself . . . and the landscape.

Well the Japanese do something that they call Bonsai. They plant dwarf trees in shallow vessels and train them into the stately shapes of ancient

big trees. This is what I have been trying to do in telling about my beginnings and how these little beginnings helped me to understand myself and to understand Picasso.

Or again I might say it is like this. I have a little paper cutter made of wood. It came from Switzerland. In the handle is a little hole no larger than a pin hole and when I look through this little hole I can see the Jungfrau and I can see the village at its feet.

In the beginning it seemed a little thing no doubt that I never had religious nouns inside me and never had a going to church and a going to Sunday school or a reading the Bible. But I know now that these things and certain other things in the beginning which I have been telling about eventually became important and so when I saw the Picasso paintings I found out something about myself and I found out something about art.

6

Many times I lie on the ground.

It seems that I have always wanted to lie on the ground.

When I do this I feel strange inside and I feel or perhaps hope that in some magical way I might completely dissolve and lose my identity in the quiet landscape around me . . . like a soap bubble when it bursts and becomes one with everything again.

That is the way it feels when you go out into the landscape without having nouns inside you.

When you go out into the landscape without nouns inside you and it is summer and everything is soft and smooth and warm . . . then it is easy to feel the landscape and not know the nouns. The trees are not trees they just are. The flowers are not flowers they just are and the same with all the other kinds of livingness . . . they just are.

The Greeks tell it like this and everybody knows all about it but nevertheless they tell it

about two people who were completely absorbed by the landscape. There was Baucis and there was Philemon and they became one with the landscape and lived the rest of their lives as trees but they were not trees they just were.

And once there was an old shoemaker and he was a philosopher and his name was Jacob Boehm. He did not have many nouns inside him. Indeed at first when he was quite young he did not have any nouns inside him and when he went out into the landscape he wrote it down like this You will find no book where there is more of the Divine wisdom to read and ponder over than the green grass and the flowers of a meadow. And then there was St Francis who was a little something like him. And when he went out into the landscape and looked up as far as he could to the end of his eyes he said Brother Sun.

But as I say and it is true that the man who hovers over his navel is full of nouns and cannot embrace the landscape and it was like this with St Augustine who said Go not out of doors.

When you have no nouns inside your body it is natural to embrace the landscape and it is natural that you should feel at one with it and that you should feel the landscape completely inside your body.

This is natural.

But nouns once they get inside you break up this oneness this feeling of being whole with every-

thing. Then man and animal and plant and the earth and the stars and everything there is will fall apart and there you are . . . alone.

I have felt this way about it for a long time. And as I say when you feel this way about something inside you it may be something that you thought was not important or it may be something you have not thought of at all that was important.

As I look back into what I have lived I see there is something.

Freud said it like this that what a person can recall from his childhood is not of an indifferent nature. And he said that quite to the contrary as a rule the memory remnants conceal valuable evidences of the psychic development. And Freud then said about something that was once inside Leonardo and how Leonardo wrote it down in a scientific book. It was about when he was still in his cradle and a vulture came down and with its tail struck him in his open mouth and then Freud showed that it was his mother's breast and Freud showed how this episode went like a seed all through Leonardo's living.

Completely from his coming to his going.

Yes sometimes something stays inside you like a seed.

It is like this with James Joyce. For a long time he has not lived in Dublin and yet everything he has written has been about Dublin. Since he left Dublin nothing has happened outside him. Since

he left Dublin everything that has happened to him has happened inside him. And so he writes completely about inside him.

We can expect that somewhere in the secret recesses of the past something that happens sometimes stays inside you always like a seed. That is why I said about the painters that they should keep their beginnings always inside them.

It is like a seed.

Well anyway when I was very young something did happen and although I did not think about it then nevertheless it was always inside me.

I know that now.

It was when I was a boy and I was twelve years old and I was in the country at an old farm for the summer. It was a regular farm with the regular cows and chickens and regular smells and sounds and go out when you must go out and cannot wait any longer.

And there was the farmer's daughter and she was pretty.

She was sixteen . . . they said so anyway.

Now something inside me made me want to be with her all of the time in the morning in the afternoon and in the evening. I followed wherever she went and I always followed her when she went to pick blueberries.

And that is where it happened.

It was down the old tamarack corduroy road

and the sun was going behind the hills. It was in a blueberry patch a mile from the house.

And as I say that is where it happened.

After it happened it seemed that something was different. And then it happened again and every time it happened it was less different and then I returned to the city.

But it never quite left me.

And yet if I were asked what it is that never quite left me I could not answer because I do not know but it is something inside me and it stays with me as a part of my beginning.

There was also another thing.

It came a little later not much later but anyway a little later. It was far on the other side of life and it was terrible. It came with the first death in our family.

It was the noun *death*.

I remember now that somewhere Santayana said bitterly like this that it is as ghastly to die as it is ridiculous to be born.

Well these two ends of life burst upon me suddenly. And I have found that *death* and *birth* are the most difficult nouns to get out of you once they get inside you.

Probably the only other catastrophic noun which equals these is when you first know the noun *time* . . . over twenty years ago I stopped wearing a watch.

And so this is the way things stand. At first I

did not have any nouns inside me and then I did and then I did not. At first when I did not everything was simply *is*. Everything was like the water at Capri so clear and crystal blue.

My complete living was nounless.

Contact with the landscape was direct. It was not necessary to go through nouns to feel real what was real.

And then suddenly nouns came into me from everywhere.

I was overwhelmed.

The water was no longer clear and blue like at Capri. The water was mud-laden and black like at Xochimilco.

But slowly very slowly I began to rid myself of these nouns. And as I say the fact that I never had religious nouns inside me was a great help in getting rid of all nouns.

And then I saw Picasso's paintings and saw that everything he did was nounless . . . and even more than nounless I saw that everything he did was completely below the level of all words and that was a great help to me.

Now I never think nouns when I see a thing. I feel a thing not as a thing but as motion and direction and action. And if Gertrude Stein says a rose is a rose is a rose I cannot agree with her because this does not put motion or direction or action into a rose.

It is like the word bicycle.

Is it a bicycle when it is standing still or when it is cycling. I think it is a bicycle only when it is cycling when it has motion and direction and action. Certainly they never would have said bicycle if it had not had motion direction and action. And so when it is said that a rose is a rose is a rose it is like saying a bicycle is a bicycle is a bicycle even if it would not cycle. But nevertheless it is not a bicycle unless it has motion direction and action. As I say that is why it was named a bicycle. So rather than say a rose is a rose is a rose and try to get motion and direction and action that way I would say a rose-ing is a rose-ing is a rose-ing and get motion and direction and action that way. Then a rose is no longer a noun.

It is a rose-ing.

It becomes a livingness with motion and direction and action.

It is then not for nothing that in this seeking for a new esthetic it became inwardly necessary that my feeling for all livingness like man and animal and plant should melt into a dynamic mosaic . . . below the level of nouns . . . indeed below the level of all language. And like Quakers at their meetings every plant and each animal and all mankind should rise to give mute testimony to this ineffable oneness . . . when beheld below the level of words . . . and only then.

Croce takes a timid step in this direction.

I go all the way.

Then it is true that I seek probably for the first time an esthetic totally not based upon nouns . . . esthetics below the level of words.

Not that I pretend anything.

Not that I pretend to be the tenth Avatar coming on a white horse to lift the purdah. On the contrary I say that there may have been some others before me . . . even with my voice.

As everybody knows first there were nine Avatars and only then comes the tenth. It was like this with Copernicus who said that the earth goes round the sun. However first there was Aristarchus. And Copernicus did not like this. And then finally although he did not like this he did nevertheless admit it. That is why I am quick to say that there may have been others before me . . . even with my voice. By admitting this I prepare my own *Advocatus Diaboli*. I write my own writ of doubts as to a possible canonization.

Well like about everything else when I wanted to speak deeply about it I needed a word. That is the very difficult position about what I feel. I must say something with words that I do not feel with words.

That seems like a contradiction.

At the same time I ask you not to believe in the words but only to believe in the *feel* and then completely forget the words. That is the very important thing to forget the words but keep on feeling the feeling.

As I was saying I needed a word so you would understand and as I was saying you must then later after I am through forget all my words. The *feel* will then stay with you always.

Well as usual I went to the dictionary. I was sorry about this but it could not be helped. I thought that surely by now I would never have to go to the dictionary again. Well anyway I could not find the word in the dictionary. Neither in Webster's nor the Oxford.

I found words thousands of words but not *the word*.

Not completely the word.

So I thought that it is all right not to have a word. It is like the Hellenes because they lived inland and they had no word for sea and yet when they finally saw the sea everything was all right.

So I will try to explain without the word. Then you will not have to look in the dictionary. But you will understand about it and everything also will be all right.

What I seek is like the wholeness of a clock. Or should I say the clockness of a clock. There is the landscape and it is like the clockness of a clock. That is to say the clockness of a clock is greater than the clock. If you would take a clock apart you would lose this clockness as it is something only when the clock is a clock and it is nothing when the clock is taken apart.

It is like a Bach fugue. It can be taken apart but then what have you.

Now everybody knows that all the telescopes and microscopes and all the indices and catalogues will not make the clockness of a clock.

Only a clock can do that.

Only the clock as a clock can do that.

And also the clock has no nouns inside it indeed it has no language but its wholeness. This wholeness speaks to you as a wholeness and in no other way. And that which is the clockness in the clock is what I feel in the landscape.

It is so simple.

Without this clockness the clock merely becomes a meaningless jumble of jewels and wheels and bearings and springs. The parts can never tell the story of the whole. And that is the way it is with the landscape it must be felt as a whole and this can be done only when everything is held nounless . . . below the level of language.

The Germans would in their way call this a *Gestalt*. And by that they would mean a little something like I mean when I speak of the clockness of the clock. The American psychologist might call it a configuration which would be a little less something like I mean when I speak of the clockness of the clock. Or if he were real American and read only American writings and only in America I think he would yes I am sure he would call it simply a pattern.

And that would not be it at all.

Here is the trouble with these nouns. As I said it is because they do not imply movement. There is such a thing as maturation. It is like this that although I spoke of the wholeness of a clock I did not speak of one aspect about this wholeness this clockness and that one aspect is almost everything and that is that there is movement.

The clock runs.

That is it runs when it is whole.

And the landscape also runs that is it has a maturation.

Now that is what I tried to show when I spoke of the apple and how such an event as we label *apple* is denied movement by the use of a noun.

It all comes to this that the words Gestalt and configuration and pattern do not do what they should do inside me to make me understand this. But my feeling does do this thing because it means what all the other words mean and then it adds another meaning and inside me I feel movement a maturation a living landscape.

When I first felt all this inside my skin they said this is Pantheism. And then I studied and I found out that it is not.

It certainly is not.

Pantheism was fully stated by Spinoza . . and sung by Goethe.

And poor Bruno burned at the stake for it.

Pantheism is something about a *soul* in the landscape.

You will see for yourself as you continue with me that my feeling for the landscape is not Pantheism. Rather I say that it is more like Pantheism turned inside out.

Well anyway if my feeling is Pantheism then so is mathematics.

Then others said that is then some others said it is like Stahl's Animism and that it is another philosophy of a world soul like Pantheism. But it could not be that because in the first place I do not understand the noun *soul*. It once took Rudolf Virchow to convince the world that the soul did not lie in the pineal gland.

I remember once when I was a boy and like boys I always wanted to know about everything that could not be known about and so I dissected a sparrow to find its *Soul*.

Of course I know now that I should have gone to the dictionary.

Plato and a long time later Schelling also talked about a world soul.

Well that has nothing to do with now and me.

Then there were some that is a few who said that my feeling was Solipsism. And that means that I could know nothing but my own modifications. But I showed them that the exact reverse is what it is and that they were wrong because it is not what they said it is.

It is as I say it is like the clockness of a clock.

I am sorry but it cannot be helped that only slowly will my full meaning become clear. A book must be an adventure and the reader must risk the vicissitudes of travel in a new and strange country. One must then step-wise acquire what Carlyle called a *panoramic view*.

Eventually everyone will understand and follow me . . . even if only like the moon follows me when I walk silently in its light.

As I said that probably because I never had religious nouns inside me was the reason I so quickly understood Picasso. And it is probable also as I said that my feeling for oneness with everything is because of what happened in the blueberry patch. Even to this day an old tamarack road will stir up something inside me.

Well be that as it is the oneness that is inside me is of such fundamental significance that it should have been a feeling inside everybody long ago.

I felt it in the anthill and I felt it in the beehive and in the rookery and in the rabbit warren.

At first I called it vegetative then appetite. Then I studied more and then I called it tropistic and then I thought of it as sex. But none of these words gave me a feeling like it was inside me.

I felt it in all livingness and I felt it in so many different ways sometimes through sound and color and at other times there it was as movement or as

shape. And most strange I found it in smells like the odor-substances that come out of the musk deer or the musk duck a grain of which will go almost as far as the sound of my voice.

I found all this as I said I did.

But only in man did I find the completeness which brings into his passionate yearning everything that I feel is everything . . . and I feel that what I am speaking about now is everything.

It is everything because out of it comes everything and the reason for it. Out of it comes the profound analogy between what man does and what is already in the landscape. Out of it comes the analogy between man's creative acts and nature's creative acts.

I was astounded.

And would you not be astounded if suddenly you saw that similar forms which are extended into the landscape by a Picasso a Stravinsky or a James Joyce are homologous with the growth of a vine the opening of a blossom the flight of a homing pigeon and even the acts of the inimitable lowly crab which haunts the seaside.

Once there was a scientist who was astounded because he found what he called the biotechnique laws of everything. He found the basic technical elements of the world . . . the crystal the sphere and the cone the plate the strip the rod and spiral. These he thought were the primary shapes in the landscape.

And perhaps they are.

But what then.

What have they to do with logic with chronology with maturation with organic growth.

These shapes are primal only as shapes.

But back of shape what is back of shape. Back of shape is where feeling comes in. Shape merely touches the edge of feeling. It cannot reach the fullness because as I say shapes are not in the beginning.

Shapes merely as shapes are the dead side of art.

Art is in the beginning of everything. And it is this beginning I am seeking. And this beginning is cosmic.

I seek the cosmic significance of art.

That is another why I say that the man who hovers over his navel cannot understand art. In order to understand art one must embrace the landscape and feel the cosmic significance of art.

Again I must go back for a moment to the fact that as a boy I had no religious nouns inside me. It seems that to a certain extent when you have religious nouns inside you they after a fashion hold the landscape together and hold you in it . . . from when you are to when you are no more. Then you go away from everything.

That is so they say.

They say it is like that.

I do not know this however.

Well then to get back I did not have anything to hold the landscape together because I did not have these nouns. And that makes it that I must to satisfy a passionate longing an agonizing loneliness inside me I must find something to hold the landscape together and hold me in it.

And finally I needed this something and I needed it very much. And I found what it was that I needed below the level of words and it is in that strata where man and animal and plant are one with everything.

Some people many people object to holding man to the plant level. They say yes it is all right for man and animal to be held together but it is incredulous to hold them both down to plants. But on the other hand who knows where man starts and where animal starts and where plant starts and ends.

Who knows this.

I feel below the level of nouns . . . even below the level of all language. That is where feeling is. And there I feel that everything is one.

Once I knew an old explorer who owned a chimpanzee. The little rascal that is the little chimpanzee always hid his face with apparent chagrin when his master called him a man. And then once there was a she-ass and this she-ass was condemned to death by the courts of France as a criminal. Later however this she-ass was pardoned because she had a good character.

Now whether the chimpanzee and the she-ass really understood what their actions implied is not even a debatable question. But many people do object strenuously when man is held to the level of animals and smile that pitiable smile when plant animal and man are integrated. When plant animal and man are held in the same stratum . . . below the level of words. But they like with the chimpanzee and the she-ass they also do not know what is implied.

And yet they should know that they themselves return periodically to plant . . . when they sleep.

If the connection or rather the integration of man and animal were all that is necessary that would be something. But that all must be integrated is everything. To me and for the purpose inside me I must include all livingness and hold everything below the level of words.

It is simple to hold everything below the level of words. It is merely to feel instead of trying to think. When nouns left me I felt everything without the use of nouns. Then the next step and the logical step was to feel everything without the use of words . . . completely. That is to say one must descend to that stratum of livingness where everything flows on a wordless keel.

That point where everything is potential.

For now and only for now I am satisfied to halt this side of inanimate things.

But that is only for now.

I say that it is only for now because I have a feeling that inanimate things are like other living things and differ from other things only in texture. But as yet I cannot get about this which is inside me as yet I cannot get it outside me. And to make it understood the inside must come outside.

Of course.

I have the feeling inside me like little Del had. Piaget tells it like this that his little Del felt like Maeterlinck felt the livingness in everything . . . in everything. And one day when she saw a ball rolling in the direction of a friend she asked spontaneously My my does it know you are there.

Maeterlinck is like this.

That is Maeterlinck is almost like this. He has this feeling inside him. Maeterlinck insists that there is livingness in a stone as well as in a bird because the atoms of a stone vibrate with the memory of previous existence.

Maeterlinck is a poet and little Del simply *is*.

To be simply *is* is to be something different than from being a poet. To be simply *is* is to be in the beginning. To be simply *is* is to be on the wordless level.

A poet is sometimes not on the wordless level. That is to say when he uses words like *atom* he is no longer on the wordless level.

Well that is the way it is I start from the level

below words where man and animal and plant are one with everything.

To be on the wordless level is to feel an ineffable longing for a oneness for a completeness with everything. It is something inside you like it was inside Faust or inside Parsifal or inside Hamlet.

Now the Buddhists say that spirits live in the trees. Aristotle said it like this that trees have souls but no sensation. And later Fechner wrote about the soul-life of plants. Even Carlyle wrapped this mantle of Pansychism around his shoulders.

The ancient stoics started everything like that. Fechner was a poet like Maeterlinck.

Only there is a difference.

Everybody knows that Maeterlinck is a poet. But nobody seems to know that Fechner was a poet. Everybody thinks Fechner was a philosopher. Fechner believed that the souls of plants whispered softly to each other with the perfume from their blossoms.

You can see that Fechner was a poet.

As I said I cannot understand the noun *soul*. I do however know what is the meaning of sensation. And I do know that plants have sensation. Plants have everything that makes for livingness. I want to talk only about things I am feeling when I talk about them. I do not want to talk about things I do not understand or things I do not feel when I am talking about them. On that account I start about inside my body on the pure

wordless level of feeling.

Plants have this feeling.

Plants have feeling. Every reaction to an impulse every touch of the stamens every curling of the tentacles and self-erection under light and gravity . . . even if it is called heliotropism and the sun is the causing partner . . . one can remember that the sun is only a partner . . . and the taste search and the flight of the spermatozoa . . . all this would be impossible if plants did not have feeling.

Take the mimosa.

What pallid virgin shrinks more quickly when crushed by the mere touch of some vulgar hand. A slight touch on a leaf brings disaster . . . the entire plant reacts to what happens to a single leaf. From leaf to leaf from stem to stem and from branch to branch even as France describes it the whole plant sinks exhausted.

And were I a poet I would add . . . spiritless and ashamed.

Is this not feeling in the plant.

I have always wanted to be a friend to plants. And I found out that plants know their friends. Plants just like animals and man know their friends.

I once knew a plant that became a friend. When I first met this plant and I touched it it became frightened and the leaves shrank up and they withered. Then later after I was gone it became

fully normal again and strong. Now however we are so well friends that I can touch this plant without anything happening. But let a stranger touch it and in a fraction of a second the first leaf will close and then others will follow and then the whole plant will feel sad.

That is it looks as if it felt sad.

Well there you have it. I insist that plant as well as animal when held below the level of words must be integrated into one homogeneous whole.

That is the feeling I have inside.

I am on the path to a new esthetic and every moment is more feeling and more discovery.

Plants smell hear taste and see. They have eyes. They do what eyes do. They react to light. And in the more complex forms these eyes are quite similar to the eyes of lower animals.

And finally there is love.

Is it too much to speak of the love of plants. True symbiotical loving so intimate that what is really two is like one.

There are many kinds of love. You are loving and I am loving and everybody is loving something sometime. And there is the loving of Romeo and Juliet and the loving of Dante for Beatrice and the loving of Damon and Pytheas. And then there is the loving touched with religious sadism the loving Calvin had for Servitus.

The loving Calvin had for Servitus. A loving that led Servitus to the Auto da Fe.

Shelley even went so far in his search for loving that he wrote a poem in which the loving ones are brother and sister.

But is there a closer loving than that of the lichen for the alga . . . the lichen and the alga who live in lifelong embrace . . . what poet today could go farther . . . is it not like a line from the mystical *Edda* . . . *Aber Wir beide . . . bleiben . . . Zusammen . . . Ich und Sigurd*.

Well there you have it and it is because of these things because plants have a nervous system as peculiarly made for them as animal and man have one made for them . . . that is why in my seeking for a new esthetic not founded upon nouns I must include about them.

Furthermore who is it that can say where plant stops and where animal begins. It took a few hundred years of doubt and the Paris Academy of Science to decide that the sea anemones were not plants but animals.

And look at the jellyfish.

You say well it is an animal and I say can an animal lay seeds that become flowers and you say no and I say yes and I say that is just exactly what the jellyfish does. It lays eggs that sink to the bottom of the sea and the eggs turn into seeds and grow into plants and have blossoms and the blossoms break away layer by layer and each layer becomes a jellyfish and there you have it.

So it seems to me that it is not what is plant or

what is animal. Sometimes it is simply *when is it plant and when is it animal*.

All these things that I have been talking about are hidden clues to something cosmic inside me and inside everybody and inside everything and inside art.

That is why I say again and again that I start from the level below words in that stratum where man animal and plant are one.

My esthetic is not like that of Bosanquet. The feeling inside me is not for an esthetic that is confined to the study of *beauty*.

It is not even confined to the study of the fine arts.

My feeling for esthetic broadens out to include all livingness . . . man animal plant and the landscape.

From such a beginning as this an esthetic hypothesis must rise organically easily like vapor from damp soil and give cosmic meaning to every creative act of man.

And so this is the way it is first I put out all nouns then I descended deeper into the level of feeling and put out all words and then in the pure feeling I experience a complete oneness with everything.

That is the strange secret of inside me.

That is it.

And my measure would be full could I but put the feeling that is inside me could I but put it out-

side me with that ineffable completeness like Picasso. It is in one of his pen drawings one of his exquisite and powerful pen drawings. There it is that intimate indissoluble oneness between the highest and the lowest livingness which ghosts the edge of the seashore.

You say creatures of his imagination.

I say no.

I say creatures pulled out of his body and living like his body and a landscape pulled out of his body and living like a landscape and everything unified. Each is one . . . yet each is all . . . wholly integrated.

Picasso is prodigious.

He is like that great Spanish mystic the great Orozco who cut pieces from his frock to give away in charity but who never lacked enough to cover his virtues.

Well there are three acts to a good play. And like somebody important once said everything in the world is a play.

And art is a play.

Two acts are written.

The first act which is esthetics as history is written and the second act which is esthetics as criticism is written. The first is about everybody's biography and the second act is about everybody's craftsmanship.

The third act is not yet written.

It must be about esthetics as nature.

The third act must be esthetics as nature.

Schubert left a symphony unfinished. Dickens left his *Edwin Drood* unfinished.

Esthetics is like this . . . unfinished.

But below the level of words in that stratum where plant animal and man are one in livingness there opens a new world of undreamed possibilities.

This is the third act.

7

When somebody great said I think therefore I am the world applauded. But is it not truer to say *I feel* therefore I am.

I feel therefore I am.

And thereby I include all forms of livingness.

Something that was not good was done when thinking was taken to be something different from feeling and mind was set up as a thing apart from the body. When psychology divorced itself from physiology then esthetics became words and completely lost its meaning. The study of the psyche called by any name is nothing more than a reification . . . As much so as the study of ghosts would be. Is it not significant the Greek word *psyche* also means butterfly.

Man must be kept whole. He is like an arrow. Break an arrow in two and you no longer have an arrow. Mind is the song of the body. It can be stilled but it cannot be separated from the body.

To set up a mind apart from body is to perpet-

uate Cartesian dualism. It is too late for that. The day of space-time is also the day of mind-matter.

And so to avoid all confusion I cling to feeling.

This is all I can be sure of.

There can be but two kinds of happenings and I say the one is what takes place inside my body and the other is what takes place outside my body.

And as I say about the oneness of everything the inside is inextricably bound up with and in the outside. I am in this sense of oneness a part of my landscape. All things bow to the forces about them. A change in the temperature will alter the length of the hardest iron bar. There is no isolation. Only nouns make us think so. And the pronoun *I* is tragically *pro noun*.

Beginning as I do makes it so that I escape nouns. I start from another level. The level where the landscape and man are one that stratum where man animal and plant become part of the texture of the landscape. And this oneness is not lost unless it is lifted into the realm of words.

And so I say this very fundamental this very naive and this very simple beginning makes a true beginning possible. There can be but two kinds of happenings. That which takes place inside my body and that which takes place outside my body.

Well then here I am.

I am seated at my worktable and before me are numerous objects. I like to have much about me. It keeps my feelings feeling. So before me I have

a pencil and a pen and a little bronze head of a white South African Negro. And I have some paper and a book. There is also an apple. It is luscious. It is fragrant. And it is very heavy with red.

But there is also more.

The sunlight shifting in between the slats of the Venetian shades makes a rhythmic pattern on the floor. From across the street comes the raucous sound of a radio belching a cheap ditty from tinpan alley. I hear my little dog barking at the passing postman. And odors from the kitchen tell me that soon I am to have my dinner.

There you have it.

I am faced with the self-same dilemma that the men of all generations have grappled with. Philosophers and psychologists and scientists and religionists all have said something this and said something that about the landscape. Those objects on the table before me what are they. Even if reduced to their molecular denominator they must still be accepted as things which will forever hide what they are from our inquisitiveness.

I feel about the molecule like a woolen-goods maker that I knew. He said that wool never dies. And he added as long as we have a thread with two ends no matter how short we can make a fabric.

What everything is does not concern me however. It is how everything feels. The actual elements of what everything is can never be defined

because whatever it is it is not words. Feeling is therefore nearer the real than naming.

Feeling is the beginning.

Naming is the end.

And this is therefore something that naming is not a prerequisite to feeling.

If I show you a fruit that you have never seen and you say Oh how beautiful and you say What is it and I say Well it is a hubi jubi then I ask will it feel more something to you than it was before you knew it was a hubi jubi.

I think not.

Naming as I say is not a prerequisite to feeling.

Fortunately my feeling about esthetics need not be excited by a fruitless search for the substance of the landscape. Whatever the answer might be it does not change my starting point . . . there can be but two kinds of happenings. One is inside my body. The other is outside my body.

And that is all.

To go farther than that is to try to go before the beginning and beyond the end. And that would resolve into nothing more than words. The worm's an odd worm said the clown to Cleopatra those that do die of it do rarely recover.

Now comes a very important thing.

It is this.

Something that makes me feel inside my body can become something outside my body. It can become a picture a music or a book. And something

outside my body can become something inside like when I look at something and inside me it is what I then call it like an apple or a book or anything in the landscape.

So the inside and the outside are in a way interchangeable. What I have inside can become outside and what is outside can become inside.

But here is the problem.

It is not only a problem how the inside becomes the outside. It is not only such a problem. But it is also a problem a very great problem how the outside becomes the inside.

So there are two problems.

In Picasso's *Guernica* I learned something not all but something about how the inside becomes outside. But where can you learn about the other way. About the outside becoming the inside. That is the question.

Where can you find the answer.

The psychologist says it this way. He says that the light rays which are reflected from objects enter the eyes in a completely disorganized state. That is he says that light rays have nothing inside them to hold them together. There is no belonging together or sticking together of the rays. For instance he says that the rays from different parts of the apple have nothing inside themselves to make them look like an apple. Every part of a surface reflects light independently. There is no indication in the light rays of a unit such as an apple.

Well now that is a problem.

The rays from the apple or the bronze or the pencil on my desk are dispersed into completely indifferentiated masses of prime rays.

When the psychologist wants to say this in the way that a psychologist would say it he would say that there is no organization in the retinal stimulation no wholes no groups and no segregation.

Well then is it any wonder that we wonder how it is possible to see when there is no organization in the light rays. If this is as they say it is then why when I look at my table where the bronze and the apple and the pencil and the other things lie why when I look at them do I not see merely a confused mass of light rays.

And stop and think how minute and extreme are the distinctions and gradations the eye can make.

Now as I say I seek an esthetic on a level below words. And it seems to me that if the question about seeing is answered this in itself is a good start in the proper direction.

Because there can be but one answer.

There is something inside my body which is immediately responsive to something outside my body.

Something inside me has the power of organizing at the slightest opportunity.

Well the psychologists have experimented on people and have found out something.

They found out about this.

And this is the way they did it.

They showed a certain shape to a lot of people and then they took it away and said now draw from memory just exactly what you saw.

Well as I say there is something inside the body that is immediately responsive to something outside because the first drawings these people made were very much like the shape they had just seen.

But the psychologists were not satisfied and they said now again draw what you saw.

And then something happened.

The second drawings were very less like the shape they saw than the first drawings were.

This was strange.

Everybody thought the second drawings ought to be better than the first because certainly everybody thought certainly they ought to know the shape better the second time.

But it was not that way.

The second drawings were not as much like the original as were the first.

Well then after a week the same psychologists called the same people together and again said draw the same shape from memory.

And then something more happened.

The third drawings were not at all like the original shape.

Most brilliantly not at all.

I say most brilliantly because what happened happened to be a most brilliant discovery.

This is what was brilliant.

Although each drawing done by the same person at these different times was different from the one he had done the time before nevertheless the direction of the change in the shape remained constant.

It was like this. A slightly broken line became straight and a deformed angle became true. Each person's drawings varied toward a more geometrical and a more simple shape.

Or I can say it like this. As the feeling for the shape that had been seen grew weaker the organizational forces inside the body became stronger. Instead of the shapes remaining visually real they gradually became *physiologically* real. The nervous system asserted itself over the landscape. And the direction was geometric.

Here was a clew.

But how to go further.

Now as I have said right along I have always felt very close to plants and animals and birds. It seems that this feeling has been inside me always. And I have always wanted to know about man what I know about plants and animals and birds.

Well once I had an oriole.

This oriole was not an ordinary oriole. My oriole was hatched in my house and never heard another bird sing.

That is at first.

And it is about at first that I am talking.

Well anyway at a certain time my little oriole began to sing. But his song was not like the song of any other oriole or like the song of any bird for that matter. It was a new song fresh from a new body. Its special and peculiar melody and its unique sequence of tones were inborn and not learned. The oriole sang what he really was.

Tennyson said it and it goes like this But what am I An infant crying in the night an infant crying for the light And with no language but a cry.

And this is exactly where I wish to find man before he *learns* a song catch him in his first song.

In the beginning.

Give me a man as he is *not* to be. That is the way Lamb said it.

Yes give me a man in his physiological beginning as pure as the first song of the new-born oriole a naked expression as fresh as a flower bursting into bloom. Then unfettered by biographical blockages and unhindered by environmental impediments and wholly uncontaminated by his inconsistencies this man would stand before us in all his pristine nature one with all livingness.

To find a man here at this point is just what the philosophers have never done. They have never done this because they have always started at the

wrong end. As I say the philosophers start at the extreme frontiers of verbal quintessence. Then of course they try to work backward.

That is why esthetics is unfinished.

The place to start is in the beginning.

That is so simple.

Start in the beginning . . . of everything. Then and only then may one work up into the verbal reifications so dear to the heart of the philosophers . . . but nevertheless so apt to be empty. Empty because at that final stage everything turns into noises and if these noises turn into nouns all is lost.

That is why philosophy has always lost.

The artist Ozenfant tells a good story about a naive Russian with his eyes opened wide in wonder who asked is it possible that before our revolution there were newspapers that reported the same event differently.

Yes Ozenfant said there were newspapers of the right and newspapers of the left and their news often was diametrically opposed.

The Russian's eyes got still bigger. What then did they do with the truth is what he asked What then did they do with the truth.

Today there is Berdaev.

Berdaev is a philosopher.

And he says it like this that the truth of man is utterly lost if man be considered merely as a part of nature and correlative to it. And so with that

remark philosopher Berdaev promptly turns man into words.

Probably one should not criticize too severely.

After all St. John turned all creation into a word.

However as I say I want to catch man before he becomes mere words. I want to find him . . . feel him . . . before he transcends the level of pure wordless sensation. I want to understand him as an emotive physiological organism stripped of all biography.

I am not interested in biography.

Not the least bit.

And still further neither biography nor psychology are important to what I am doing because neither has anything to do with art or an art-act.

I seek a path from inside me to outside and from the outside to inside me.

I seek a path from nature to esthetics.

And the path from nature to esthetics is very short.

Here I must tell about something.

I must tell you again and again over and over that I felt these things inside my body as unmistakably as anybody would feel anything real. I felt that everything must be more than words. I felt that someplace in the structure of everything there is a beginning and that beginning must be physiological.

The secret is inside my body and it is also outside in the landscape.

This is a clew to something that holds everything together and makes everything what it is and this thing is important to art.

Yes it is very important to art.

Something which holds Picasso's paintings together and holds the song of the oriole together.

It must all be the same something.

I felt this as you know and as I have said all along and for a long time.

To have such a feeling inside you for a long time and not find out about it is like if you would suffer the pangs of everlasting pregnancy. It is like if you were suffering both as the father and the mother . . . tragically . . . because without the child. It is to ceaselessly push on the loins of creation with feverish but almost hopeless effort.

Well anyway as I say I had this feeling for a long time. And then as usual something happened.

Something tremendous happened.

Something happened that was completely important.

This is what happened.

I was suffering from a nervous awfulness and somebody said go and have your eyes examined and I did.

Well the doctor put me before a huge paper tacked upon the wall and then asked can you see

this. And if I said yes or if I said no he would make a mark on the paper.

Pretty soon he had a big irregular circle.

Then he turned to me and said Sir this is your blind spot. And he said something more about it but his voice faded away in endless distance because I thought Great Heavens I am going blind and I thought that I could see myself being led along the walk by a pale-faced woman. Then slowly his voice came back and I heard him say that the spot is absolutely normal. He said everybody has such a blind spot.

And then he told me a lot about the blind spot.

He said that the blind spot is a point in the retina insensitive to light where the optic nerve passes through the inner coat of the eyeball. He said the blind spot is absolutely blind.

I found this out for myself because sometimes in theatres and in lecture halls I would experiment and close one eye and center a bright light in the blind spot of the other eye and the light would disappear as if it really went out.

But it did not really go out.

It merely seemed to go out so blind is the blind spot. I got so after a little while that I could at once place any object in the blind spot and magically it would disappear.

Well then one day I was talking to another man about this and he had studied the question a long time. For many years. He was a Gestalt psy-

chologist and told me his kind of psychology was different from other kinds and that he had to find out about eyes as physical things.

This man the Gestalt psychologist told me that although I could not see in the blind spot nevertheless something very odd did happen there. Without realizing the tremendous importance of what this odd business was I asked him to please tell it to me.

And he did.

It is like this.

He said you cannot really see and still you can do what you think is seeing.

I thought that is a paradox and told him so.

But he merely smiled and said you must come to my laboratory and I did. And I found out something about the odd thing in the blind spot.

When a cross was so placed that the center of it fell in the center of the blind spot I could see the whole cross.

Now I thought this is very peculiar I am blind in the blind spot but now I can see a cross in the blind spot.

I thought this is really quite odd.

Oh the Gestalt psychologist said We have gone much beyond this but in this you have the principle of what I shall explain to you.

And he said that people who are totally blind on one side in both eyes were shown some geometric figures. But he added these figures were so

placed that only half of the figure fell within their seeing half and the other part of the figure fell in the blind half. And yet the whole figure was seen. Well then he said he went a step farther and cut the figure in half and placed it so that half would be in the seeing part of the eye and there would be nothing in the blind part of the eye.

Now think what happened.

Well this happened. The man saw the whole figure just as if he were not blind in half his eye and just as if the figure had not been cut in half.

This was very exciting.

I pondered over it and I thought about it so long and I had a feeling that somehow this is something important to art. So finally I went to another psychologist and told him all about it.

He was not a Gestalt psychologist.

He was just a psychologist.

Well this is what this psychologist said. He said that the filling in of the unseen parts is because you remember the images from earlier experiences.

He called it association.

And he said it is like if you would see half a picture of a dog you would certainly picture to yourself the other half. He said that this whole business was nothing more than the familiarity one has had with these things.

He talked a lot like that.

Well I left this psychologist who was not a

Gestalt psychologist but just a psychologist and I was quite dismally disappointed. If what he told me is true I said to myself then I am on the wrong track then what I think is a clew is not a clew.

After a few days and a sorry feeling I went back to my friend the Gestalt psychologist and told him everything about it.

He said bosh.

He said that he had used every kind of figures like pictures of dogs and cats and a picture of a bottle and familiar words and in no case were the pictures completed.

He said that only geometric figures were completed.

Absolutely nothing else.

We talked about this for a long time and I explained to him the feeling I had inside me. He knew about the other experiments like about the brilliant thing when the psychologist found that memory in drawings gradually becomes more and more geometric. And I told him about the oriole. And he said I think that you are on the right road to something important to art.

He said this whole thing means that the visual system organizes itself geometrically. And further it means that because the eye is not isolated from the rest of the body but is really a part of the brain extruded to the surface the entire body of any living thing organizes itself geometrically.

He explained to me that although the nerve

fibres are insulated from each other over long distances there are an immense amount of cross connections and these he said connect every nerve cell with every other in the entire living body.

Well needless to say I was happy.

My confidence returned.

My clew came back.

Of course I knew that patterns did not exist inside the eye.

I understood that.

The spider's web does not exist as a pattern inside the spider. It is not a case of a pattern laid out by nature *a priori*. I mean merely that there is a potential inclination perhaps I could call it an unborn tendency inside every organism which makes everything assume a geometric condition.

It is unborn geometry.

And it is in everybody and in everything.

And by the way there is something else about this thing and that is that only *wholes* can be completed in the blind spot. The shape can be completed only if the anatomical *seeing* creates such a whole. This is very important as it means that not only art but that nature itself is only interested in *wholes*.

Again I thought about all this for a long time.

And then came a conclusion.

This is my conclusion to the entire matter. Because the eye configures itself geometrically and because the eye is really a part of the brain it is

more than probable that the whole body of man does the same. It is highly probable that everything there is is the result of geometric configuration.

My body configures itself in thousands of different ways. Light and odors and sounds and so on in fact everything in the landscape causes complicated configurations inside my skin. And then beside these there are immeasurable inner self-generated patterns.

Well as I say I was quite happy with all this. I wondered why it had never been noticed before. But then I see that this level cannot be reached by words as it is entirely physiological.

It is the level below words.

And in it is the secret of the oneness of the world.

And the secret of art.

When suddenly the importance of all this flooded my feeling I saw in a flash a great vista of hitherto undreamed possibilities for esthetic study even as Jacob Boehm found in the landscape. I found the homologous wedding of all man's expression-forms to the landscape nature.

Ever from the time of the blueberry patch unconsciously I had been reaching out for this oneness. I could not find it on the word level so I renounced nouns completely and as I say I never had any binding blinding religious nouns inside me.

When all this became clear to me I felt like

Bach must have felt when he discovered the possibilities of equal temperament.

I was completely excited.

I am easily always excited.

No one else in our family is as easily always excited as I. My brother Alfred for instance is always calm and cool.

High up on top of my bookshelves I have a quiet stone head of a Chinese *Lo Han*. He too would have craved nothing more of Alexander but that he should not stand between him and the sun. For many years I have admired the imperturbability expressed in that silent head . . . so rich in its passionlessness.

Well my brother Alfred is like that. As I say he is always calm and cool. One night when he was out in the desert at Death Valley in California on vacation his shop in Los Angeles caught fire and everything was burning. All the pianos and the radios and the violins and trumpets were burning. And his son rushed frantically to the telephone and called his father in Death Valley and cried Father Father the store is burning down. Well said the father Why call me I'm not a fireman.

But I am not like that I am easily always completely excited.

I saw that every livingness contains inside itself a potential which at first I called *unborn geometry*. Later when I walked in the fields and in the

meadows and saw the opening of the flower buds and when I learned of the action of crystallization the motions of atoms the rhythm of astronomical phenomena and a hundred other things I decided that there must be a second potential which is like the first and I called it *unborn mathematics*. At bottom I saw that it was a prenatal disposition to numbers and that it was inside everything.

And so this is the way it is.

I found what is inside me and I found what is inside the landscape.

And it is like what I had found in the song of the new-born oriole.

It is the beginning.

8

Well here I was with all this feeling inside me. I found the beginning of esthetics and I found that the beginning is not in words. It is something you can point at because it is happening all around you in art and in the landscape and inside you. All plants and animals and all men are actualized and directed and protected by it.

Once it was down at the seashore and I was watching a little crab and then an old fisherman who knew all about fish and crabs and everything that lived in the sea began to talk to me about the little crab I was watching and I found out something. Well he said that this crab cannot walk upright when it is born because it always falls over on its side.

And then he told me something that I did not believe and I went away from him and I said tell that to some school boy.

But when I got home and in my head I saw the picture of the old fisherman and I thought would

he tell something if it were not so. And I thought how could he do it how could he tell me that the little crab takes a grain of sand in its claw and puts it in its ear and then does the same with another grain of sand and the other ear.

The fisherman looked so honest.

Well the whole thing bothered me and for a long time it bothered me more and more and then I could not stand the bother anymore so I began to study about it and I found out that the fisherman was honest and that he was right about the crab and the sand.

The crab puts a grain of sand in each ear with its own claws and then the crab can walk and balance.

Also I found out about certain birds and it is like a number feeling. Of course it is a feeling for unborn numbers as everybody knows a bird cannot count. If a bird has four eggs in its nest and you take away one egg everything will still be all right. But if you take away two eggs the bird will desert the nest. Something inside the bird knows two from three.

Not as numbers but as feeling.

There is another interesting example like this and that is when the solitary wasp is going to lay a male egg she puts only five caterpillars in the cell but when she is going to lay a female egg she puts in ten caterpillars.

The female gets twice as many as the male.

Such is life.

But it is worth it.

As I say when I wanted to tell all about such things as these things and about what happened in the blind spots in the eyes and about my oriole and a lot of more things that I am going to tell about . . . like things that I and you can see and point to everybody asked what is it you are telling about.

Well what is it that I am telling about.

That is the question that concerned me too.

Everybody said you must call it something and I said well it is a feeling inside me and I can point to what it is like . . . like to the crab or to the bird or to the wasp.

Everybody can point to what I am telling about but everybody wants to know what it is. And I know that to tell about it I must have a word.

But I did not have the word.

So I just kept on saying it is a feeling.

And they kept on asking well what kind of a feeling is it a mathematical feeling is it a geometrical feeling.

But I said no I cannot say that it is because mathematics is about numbers that are in the world and geometry is about shapes that are in the world and what I am talking about is not exactly something already in the world but it is something always happening into the world.

You can see I cannot call it mathematics and I

cannot call it geometry because the process of mathematics is a nervous exercise and geometry is about line and surface and volume.

Geometry is a sort of congealed mathematics.

It is the corpse of what I feel.

It is easy to see that I could use neither word neither mathematics nor geometry because these are end-forms and not beginnings.

Now it is really very odd but whenever I get to the point where I do not know where I am something always happens.

It is always like this with me.

You have probably noticed this . . . that something always happens.

This time it happened like never before. I was lying in bed and I was reading about Descartes and how he was lying in bed and was watching the branches of a tree swaying in the breeze. Everybody has seen branches swaying in the breeze but only Descartes had the feeling inside him that the constantly changing shapes made by the moving of the wind-blown branches were forming many kinds of geometric patterns and these could be expressed in numbers.

Well Descartes did it and now you have it.

In a momentous flash the mind of a sick man produced a new epoch-making end-form. And from then on geometric relations could be expressed in number relations and *analytical geometry*

was born and it made a complete unification of mathematics and geometry.

When I read this about Descartes I stopped reading and I felt that although Descartes did what he did nevertheless I could not use the term that described what he did. My feeling would have to be expressed by another term that would be descriptive of my feeling.

Descartes made analytical geometry out of mathematics and geometry both of which were already in the world. I wanted to unite mathematics and geometry before they are in the world that is before they are born. Therefore I needed a word that would express a potentiality but not a thing. What I found inside myself and inside everything is not a thing but is merely like a tendency like a possibility or like an inclination.

Of course like every time before I went to the dictionary.

But this time again it was of no use.

I found out about mathematics and about geometry but I could not find out about the unborn unification that I wanted to find out about. I was looking for a word which would tell you about the prenatal oneness of everything. Finally I gave up looking in the dictionary and decided upon something.

I decided upon a word.

Now when a writer chooses a word and it leaves his pen almost anything can happen to it.

It is like a little ichneumon fly which pierces the body of a caterpillar and lays its eggs inside the caterpillar and then the eggs hatch into flies which the mother will never see.

There are special feelings which a word sets up in everyone's body . . . feelings which are absolutely incommunicable . . . as subtle as a perfume . . . like an overtone heard only in each individual's ears . . . a composite of background and culture . . . landscape . . . and life.

Taken in this sense Count Keyserling is brilliant when he says that man is a Monad without windows.

On account of all this I wanted a new word fresh from my body. I wanted a term which would stir up new feelings and comprehensions in other bodies.

Well I kept on feeling about Descartes and feeling about my feelings and then suddenly I saw it.

I saw the word.

And this is how it was. Descartes unified mathematics and geometry. So I thought why not unify the terms and I did this.

And there I was.

The word is *Geomathics*.

Geomathics has inside it both the meaning of mathematics and geometry . . . but . . . and this is the important thing . . . it is the meaning of geom-

etry and mathematics before they are what they become.

Geomathics is the potential design for feeling.

Haptic feeling is the energy and geomathics is the design.

And there you have everything.

There you have *esthetics as nature*.

Nature as esthetics.

After I had the word I felt easier about everything because now when they ask me what is it that I am talking about I say I am talking about geomathics and they are satisfied.

Geomathics will then become the word for every kind of unborn number feeling such as mathematics geometry order and relation form rhythm chronology logic and tempo . . . but always in the unborn state do not forget that . . . always in the unborn state.

On this level man is one with the landscape with animals and plants.

Geomathics is the matrix of all forms. Geomathics is the formal frame for a haptic experience.

Even man's body is geomathic and rhythmic action-currents which come from a single voluntary muscle have a remarkable constancy of about fifty a second and this means that muscles make a sound like the "A" below middle "C" on the piano. I thought after all how odd because this makes the human body itself in all its related tones and rhythms like a super *Kunst der Fuge*.

The body is a geomathic construct.

The landscape is a geomathic construct.

Man and the landscape are an interlocking geomathic construct.

Everything is mitered into everything and is one.

Some others might call this Destiny. Napoleon thought it was his horoscope. I used to call it instinct. Now I don't call it . . . but I feel it and I tell about it as geomathics.

Instinct after all is a coward's word. Whenever in doubt use the word instinct that is the way they seem to say it. It is like a long time ago and I was studying harmony with my music teacher and I used the chord of the diminished seventh and I used it over and over again and then the music teacher explained to me that the diminished seventh is the coward's chord and I said that is odd why is the diminished seventh chord a coward's and he said because no matter what harmonic trouble you are in you can always get out with a diminished seventh but he said it is the easiest way therefore it is the coward's way.

He said It is like thumbing your way through music.

And it is like that with the word *instinct*.

When the moth is drawn to the flame they call it instinct. When the new-born caterpillar crawls up the branch to the very tip and devours the green leaf they call it instinct.

And so it goes.

They forget or do not know that the caterpillar and the moth are positively heliotropic and that they are automatically attracted to the light.

Once I was in France and I was driving from Paris to Marseilles and out a long way from the city something on the car broke and we were in a little French village where there was no garage. What to do everybody said what to do.

I could do nothing about an automobile except drive it.

Well we looked around the little village and finally found a little forge and a big blacksmith and he said yes he could fix what was broken and he started to work at it and I watched him.

Well the blacksmith heated a piece of iron and slowly the color of the iron changed fifteen or twenty times in a few minutes and when it was just the right color the blacksmith's hammer came down on it. He said he could tell about twenty different colors in the iron. And the hammer came down with just the right force.

It was really wonderful what I saw there in a little village in France.

Every color change in the hot iron seemed to make a specific feeling inside the old blacksmith and his entire musculature was immediately in dynamic relation with it. The old fellow knew where to strike he knew just when to strike and he knew just how hard to strike.

Well the car got fixed and everything was all right and we went on and they all talked about the instinct of the old blacksmith.

I talked about the instinct also.

I did not know better at that time.

Now I know better.

Now I know what it is. It is the geomathic relation between the inside of the blacksmith and the forces in the landscape. Like positive heliotropism.

It is like this with the East Indian faker and how he fascinates the cobra by blowing noises on a bad sounding pipe. And it is like this with the Australian native when he throws his boomerang and it comes back obediently into his hand and I say these things are done by geomathic feeling a feeling for unborn numbers. And where you find these geomathic refinements you will find also extreme nuances of language and a complicated ceremonial life.

It all goes together.

Well there I said something about language and it is time to say something more about it because it also has to do with geomathics.

Those who know a lot that is a very lot about talking and writing say that the length of a word is related to the frequency of its use . . . that is the shorter the word the more often it is used. They say that there is a highly mathematical orderliness in talking and in writing. They say for instance that in any extended example of connected

English the most often used word will be used on an average once in every ten words and they say that the second most used word will occur once in approximately every twenty words and the third in every thirty and so on and on.

Well I do not know about this but those who do know a lot about it say that it is true and why should it not be true. The words come out of the body and the body as we have seen is like the eye and holds inside itself the unborn tendency to break open as it were that is to express itself geometrically like a bud when it bursts into the blossom. And it does not matter whether the body extends itself as language or as mathematics or music or art or science.

And further it does not matter whether the body is the body of a man or an animal or a plant and that is why I have always clung to the feeling of oneness in everything.

I hope of course that those who know a lot about mathematics and a lot about philosophy will understand that my feeling is in no sense like that of the Pythagoreans whose philosophy had inside it the fundamental idea that only through number can man grasp the nature of the landscape. I am speaking always about what I have called the unborn number feeling. It is like music because music is the result of an unborn number feeling and in the same manner number itself is the end-form of an unborn number feeling.

And so what I am telling about is not like what the Pythagoreans told about.

Now anyone who studies history will at once see that the history of man is the history of geomathics. It goes from the algebraic-astronomy of the ancient Babylonians to the *Guernica* of Picasso . . . from the primitive drawings in the caves of Altamira to the last note written by Stravinsky.

Sometimes I think that the geomathic potential is like a gigantic sea with streams running from it in every direction but all having the same water.

In music one hears geomathics and in art one sees geomathics and in perfume one smells geomathics and whether it is written or spoken or draughted matters not because the primal feeling is similar.

They are but different aspects of the same phenomena.

And this holds good from the rhythm of the heart to the convolutions of the stellar universe and from the molecule to a Bach fugue.

John Marin is a painter and he says that he would say to a person who thinks he wishes to paint . . . or do anything for that matter he says Go look at the bird's flight the man's walk the sea's movement. They have a way . . . to keep their motion . . . nature's laws of motion have to be obeyed and you have to follow along.

However it is not intelligence that I am telling about.

I cannot understand intelligence.

As I said once before a new-born babe has ten toes and ten fingers and it has these long before it can count. And I ask is this intelligence.

I have never seen intelligence.

No it is not intelligence that I am talking about.

I am telling about something that is a *becoming* not about something that has become. When it has become it is too late. Then it is set and hard. Before it becomes it is the possible. It is then in a way the possible that I mean. The body expresses itself geomathically and the body and its expressions are indissoluble. The expression is the outward form of the inner condition.

This is vary hard to explain.

I know that it is.

I am going to start again at the very beginning.

I have a feeling inside my body and it is going to be something outside my body. The feeling is orderly and logical and organic but intensely exciting and it is to be music or art or mathematics.

Very well then.

The feeling has no name while it is inside my skin. It is in a pre-conceptive condition. I talk about it as geomathics merely so that I can talk about it. But when it comes out of me and becomes something outside then it gets a name and it is an end-form and is called a noun like music or art or religion or mathematics.

It is like when a mother is going to have a baby

and goes through the birth pangs . . . and does it matter whether the baby is going to be a boy or a girl.

Is the suffering more intense in one case than in the other.

Well it is the same with creative work of any kind. The birth pangs . . . in creative work we can call it the geomathic pangs are the same whether the baby is music or a painting or a mathematical theory or any other end-form. When the work comes out of the body it gets a name and it is something just like with a real baby. And it is the midwife who is the first to say boy or girl.

That is the way it is with all end-process.

It might be art or it might be religion or the dance or music or science or a hundred other end-processes that man gives birth to.

It is like this. When a form appears in the landscape it has become this or it has become that. But before its actualization it exists as the merely possible . . . unborn number . . . geomathics . . . neither male nor female.

What our babe shall be is something we *decide*.

Before that it is something we *are*.

Kant in all his greatness saw this *but could not explain it*. However he did posit mathematics as knowledge *a priori*. And the Pythagoreans prayed Bless Us Divine Number.

And people who are full of religious nouns are also full of religious numbers like about the seven

days and seven trumpets and the seventh day and how they encompassed the city of Jerico seven times and the seven deadly sins and the seven virtues the seven spirits of God and the seven joys of the Virgin and the seven devils cast out of Magdalene.

Well once I was telling a biologist all about what I have been writing and he said *homologous*.

I did not say anything but when I got home I went to the dictionary and looked up everything about homologous and found that it means an inner correspondence in type of structure of things and events.

I found homologous very exciting.

For instance I found out that a man's arm is homologous to the foreleg of a horse and I found out that the wing of a bird is homologous to the pectoral fin of a fish and the tail is homologous to the tail of my dog. I found out all these things about homologous and it means alike in structure but different in function.

And I thought how much this is like what I want to explain.

Man extends himself into art and music and religion and all the other things . . . similar in structure . . . geomathic in structure . . . but different in function.

So now it seems that I have explained geomathics as well as I can. As I have said again and said again I start inside myself. I start from a pure

physiological premise that the body configures itself in a geomathic manner.

I have admitted that I have never seen any geomathics but I said that I can point to the result of geomathics in all nature and that this potential makes man and animal and the landscape one and complete. And I said that I merely am trying to trace a path from nature to esthetics and that this path has nothing to do with nouns . . . in fact it has nothing to do with any words.

And I said like this. Before the beginning and beyond the end are both outside my scope so both ends of my feeling in this matter will therefore remain open just as both ends of my nervous system remain open.

In what I have discovered is something for the philosopher of esthetics to hold on to . . . tangible and real below the level of words where man and animal and plant are one. Something in the very structure of nature itself.

Something about us in every blade of grass and in every flower as well as in the hoar frost on the window and in the crystal and in all livingness and the insects the snails and animals fish and birds and in man and in every creative act of man.

Geomathics is the only safe anchorage for all the high-flung nouns of the philosopher. From this primal basis he can build a super structure of noun noises which will give his deductions an air of great profundity. And he can be like Jonathan

Swift who said that when he was not understood it was concluded that something very useful and profound was underneath.

And that is how it has been with the philosophers.

But now it will be something different.

It will be different because no longer will esthetics depend upon nouns.

Instead esthetics will start in physiology.

As I have said since the very beginning of this book every art act is a body act. And so every step in the dance and every brush stroke on the canvas and every note passionately put down on paper and even every exhortation of the preacher is an end-form of a deep dynamic physiological organization . . . body in extension.

So it is like this and this is the logical manner of beginning an esthetic . . . in the beginning.

To begin at the other end . . . words has been fatal.

Art is made out of very definite neurological processes.

Not even the highest association centers of the human brain can function except upon the materials of experience furnished to it through the falsely despised lower centers.

And so no esthetic can be real unless it is built upon this very foundation . . . body.

9

So then here we are with something like the clockness of the clock. Two forces in nature which when mixed in the proper proportion make livingness.

And I have called these two forces the haptic force and the geomathic force . . . energy and its form.

There we have form and content.

Now it is certain that sometimes great men say some things that are not great like when Descartes said that nature is always right. I said about this to another great man and he said No. He said that neither Descartes nor nature is always right. And he added that nature is almost always wrong and then he hold me something that should make every artist happy. It should make every artist happy after he tries and tries and is not completely satisfied with his trying.

This great man told me that nature is some-

times 99,990 times wrong when she is 10 times right.

I said that I would like to know about this because as I said I was sure that it would be something that would make every artist happy.

And it is.

Well the great man started to talk about fish. He said that out of all the 100,000,000 conceivable crosses of the teleost fishes not more than 10,000 are able to live and to propagate. He said that means that only one-hundreth of one percent are successful. All the others lack the proper harmony of parts.

He said it is like a story about Jules Renard who was on a train and was going through a great country but who spent his entire leisure examining the face of a woman through a magnifying glass. And we are like that like Renard and then of course we forget all about the 99,990,000 that fail because we have our eyes only on the few that are successful and of course we arrive at the brilliant notion that nature is always right like Descartes said.

Then he shook his head and he said nature is chaos.

He said it is order that lives.

At once I saw something.

I saw that it is only through order that art can live. And I saw that therefore when there is the proper order between the haptic forces and the

geomathic form everything in a picture lives. And I also saw still more clearly that these two forces are in feeling and have nothing to do with reason or thinking or intellectuality or mind. It is like when Frederick II said that on the day on which bayonets begin to think we will be lost. And it is like that with art and the artist and his brush.

If the artist does not feel the presence of these two vital forces inside him he might as well go to Tuluca and buy his own coffin.

These forces they are like the yes and the no which Jacob Boehm said are in all nature. And inside man they make a tremendous strain and a ~~tor~~tion and they tear him inside and make agonizing hurts. And it seems that the greater the man the more bitter the struggle becomes.

It was like that with Pascal.

Torn on the one hand by an overwhelming haptic feeling which could have been most magnificently expressed in art he canalized it into religion. And on the other hand he had inside him an absorbing feeling for geomathics which he expressed as mathematics. And so a devastating struggle went on inside him and in fearful solitude he subjected his religious ideas to the cold precision of the great mathematician.

And one destroys the other.

That was Pascal's tragedy.

These two forces that I am telling about . . . the haptic and the geomathic are really at opposite

poles. And if the artist goes too far toward the geomathic they say he is cold and that his work is merely intellectual and has no feeling.

When we love a woman we do not start measuring her limbs is the way Picasso said it.

However if on the other hand the artist goes too far toward the haptic pole they say that he is insane and they say that his art is morbid or gruesome or more often they say that it is ugly.

So it is necessary that the artist must find himself somewhere between these two extremes. If a work has neither haptic feeling nor geomathic organization it is nothing.

Now it is probably known to everybody that for Aristotle the middle was completely the best and he said that for in everything it is no easy task to find the middle.

Well I do not know how it was when Aristotle was alive but I do feel that today the middle is not the completely best. I know that today there are tens of thousands in the middle. I know that those in the middle are merely good for statistics . . . like when they say that there are so and so many artists in the country so and so . . . and so and so. Nietzsche knew about those who stay in the middle and he called them the yea sayers. Those in the middle live their lives in dull pastel shades.

No.

The middle is not for today.

And yet it is odd. It is odd that nearly every-

body wants everybody to stay in the middle. It has been this way for a long time. It has been this way also almost everywhere. The ancient records show that they said the work of Kyosai smacks of the *sake* cup. They said this because Kyosai went the haptic way.

And it is like this in our time.

Hold back they say hold back almost everybody says and they say yes of course you can be original . . . in everything except in form. However what they call originality is merely variation. They say that form must stay as it is which is as it has always been. They do not seem to know that only in form can originality be expressed. There is no originality in the haptic energy . . . *it has only depth.*

Haptic feeling is how deep does it go inside your body and geomathic form is how grandly does it come out.

As I said before art is a design for feeling.

Another way this could be said is that the geomathic form is a container for the haptic feeling. Feeling is poured out into form. And the feeling determines the form.

At this point I must explain that the form cannot exist beforehand. Form is created simultaneously with the flow of feeling. That is why a while ago I said that art can only happen when something is happening to you . . . inside.

And then I said that only in form can origin-

ality be expressed because it is obvious that it cannot be expressed until it is actualized.

Well anyway even in music which everybody supposes to be the freest of the arts they want the middle.

When somebody goes past the middle into the haptic boundlessness like Schumann does in the transition to the last movement of his D Minor Symphony or like Brahms does in his introduction to the finale of his First Symphony or like Beethoven does who always strained at the leash or like Wagner does who broke it and Stravinsky does who never felt its restraint and Schoenberg does who actually devoured it.

Yes yes.

When somebody goes beyond the middle into the haptic boundlessness then those who know only the middle say things.

They say *mad* and *formless* and they say their favorite word. The daring originality of the haptic ones causes an outburst of indignation and they say *ugly*.

In painting it is the same.

It is Picasso who is wild and it is Klee who is mad and it is Merida who is formless and of course all of them and all the others who refuse to stay in the middle who refuse to become like Nietzsche's yea sayers all of them are *ugly*.

But I ask is it not true that those who stay in the middle lose their character as hopelessly as a

man guilty of some very atrocious action.

And it also has always been like that.

It also is not something new for today.

But nevertheless somehow those who stay in the middle get the passports to the drawing-rooms and the museums and the academies and the medals . . . all of which are sometimes indistinguishable . . . signed by the critics and endorsed by the many.

Nevertheless a negro painted white does not look like a white man.

Well I have been telling something about those who go too far toward the haptic pole and also about those who stay in the middle and now I will tell about those who go the other way . . . about those who go toward the geomathic pole.

To begin with I seem at once to get into more famous company when I am telling about these than when I am telling about any of the others.

I am going now into the company of those who say *beauty*.

Geometric shapes and even a straight line and especially the triangle are supposed to be the absolutely beautiful. And Bosanquet . . . who after all played a great part in the perpetuation of the *esthetic beautiful* in our times . . . said that he did not think that this could be justly denied. And he said that there is a degree of beauty belonging to every shape or structure which in any way affects perception with a sense of regularity or symmetry.

Now it seems that whether you are very haptic or whether you are very geomathic has something to do with what you really are . . . that is are you a German or a Greek or a Frenchman or are you an Oriental. And it seems further that it all has something to do with the landscape . . . Is it hot or is it cold is it wet or is it dry.

Well anyway I bring to the attention only that Greek art and Byzantine art tend definitely to the geomathic and Northern art contains inside itself a great haptic energy.

In fact just like the struggle that went on inside Pascal so did the struggle go on inside the great writer on esthetics Winkelman. It was a struggle between beauty and expression.

Winkelman developed the idea that there was a bitter antagonism between beauty and expression. And paradoxically *he was completely excited* about the passivity of Greek art. To him the highest style could never be haptic . . . he called it expressive . . . now they call it Expressionism. He said that true beauty is a significant and eloquent silence. And he said it is comparatively easy to make a violent art but in the silence of the soul lies the highest creative act.

Thus to a large number of German critics the absence of haptic expression became the beautiful. But it is well to remember that these Germans were completely Greek lovers and when they said what

they said they only said again what the Greeks had said.

I am not going to tell more about this side of art because it has been told for hundreds of years already. I merely wanted to introduce it as the geomathic pole in opposition to the haptic pole.

And also I wanted to show that after all while there is a difference between a butterfly's wing . . . no matter how exquisitely nature has designed it . . . and a painting by Picasso . . . or any other haptic artist nature's art and man's art have a geomathic quality in common. But there is a point at which something happens . . . that is there is a point at which something more happens. That is the point where both in nature and in art there is a great straining of the geomathic form . . . a point where new forms are created. Or rather I should say unfamiliar forms because I am referring to the forms of things we seldom see like those in the deepest sea and those underground . . . forms many of which are completely unknown and forms seen only under the microscope and forms that are made out of the deepest parts of man's body like those that come out of Miro's body and out of Merida's body.

These forms are brought about because of the haptic conditions and the condition of the landscape.

These forms are the violent forms and strangely these forms are called *ugly*.

Well I thought about all this for a long time like I always do. It was in my feeling in the morning and in the evening.

I never seemed to be without it.

All day I would carry this feeling with me and bothered with it like a Chinese carries in his pocket a piece of jade and its subtle texture keeps his restless fingers busy. When I opened my eyes from sleep and when I closed them in sleep it was there and there was no escaping from it. That is because it was a feeling inside me and I could not escape from my inside.

Nobody can . . . that is if he really has something inside.

Like before I had the feeling that there is some cosmic reason for all this. I had the feeling that all this could not be mere accident. There must be something that I as yet did not know about. And so I began to work and question and study.

And fortunately like every time before I found out about something.

This time it was about a soap bubble.

You can imagine how completely excited I was when I found the answer in a soap bubble. I never knew what really was important about a soap bubble. But now I do and the soap bubble suddenly becomes very important to art.

It seems to me that the cosmic significance of art is proved by the fact that you do not need to talk about art to know about it . . . you can talk

about birds and fish and flowers about every living thing and even about soap bubbles.

The way I found out about a soap bubble was one day when I explained about the haptic and the geomathic and art and about everything else to a man and he was a physicist. While I was talking and he was listening he muttered something and he muttered it several times and finally when I finished it came out and it was soap bubble.

Naturally I was full of hurts.

Anybody would be if after telling about something that has been inside you for a long time for many years and you have felt about it and thought about it and then when you tell about it to some one who should know about it and he says soap bubble.

Naturally I was full of hurts.

But the physicist said No. He said that he is serious. He said that everything about a soap bubble is like everything about art. He said it came to him suddenly while I was telling him and that is why he muttered about it.

First he said how wonderful it is that a soap bubble is round.

Well I said of course I saw nothing wonderful about a round soap bubble although I had really never thought about a square soap bubble. I supposed that round is the only shape a soap bubble could be.

And he said that is what is wonderful.

He said it is wonderful because of all the shapes in the landscape the sphere has the smallest surface for a given volume and the largest volume for a given surface.

The soap bubble solves the maximum-minimum problem he said.

And he said that means that as much will happen as possible while at the same time as little will happen as possible and in art that means that the much is the haptic force and the little is the geomathic force. The stronger the haptic force is the more will happen and the stronger the geomathic force is the less will happen.

Well I admit at that point I could not completely understand what he was telling about.

So he went on more about the bubble.

He explained that when you blow a soap bubble the soap particles attract each other. They want to take up as little room as possible. That is in the soap film as little as possible will happen. The soap continually struggles with the air inside the bubble and the air continually forces the soap to stay on the outside where it forms the surface membrane of the air volume. The soap spreads as little as possible whereas the air expands as much as possible.

Now the physicist said in art it means this. The air is like the haptic force and the geomathic form is like the soap bubble. The more energetic the creative act is the thinner will be the geomathic

form. In art words this means the greater the haptic force the less geomathic the picture will be.

Well I saw at once how true all this is.

And I thought of a Cimabue Madonna and I thought of Picasso's *Guernica* and I saw at once that less happens in the Cimabue and that a tremendous much happens in the *Guernica*. The Cimabue seems to be held in a geomathic envelope. The *Guernica* on the other hand seems to have pushed the geomathic form to its limits . . . but not exploding it. And that is important because everybody who has ever blown soap bubbles knows that too much energy will burst the bubble . . . and then what have you. And it is like this if you compare a Greek temple or a Byzantine basilica with a Gothic cathedral.

When the physicist stopped telling me about all this I felt that at last I knew what is form and what is content and further I saw that this simple analogy of the soap bubble did more for me than all the volumes I had read that tried to explain about this. I saw how the content became form and how the form held the content.

But nevertheless as yet the complete fusion had not been emphasized enough to satisfy my feeling.

Form and content are indissolubly one.

That I know.

But how to tell about it.

That is something more.

Well one day I found what I thought is a per-

fect analogy and it happened like this. I was visiting in a university and there was a psychologist and the psychologist dropped a stone into a glass of water and then he asked his students what made the water rise. With one voice they replied that the weight of the stone made the water rise.

But the professor said no you must guess again.

Well it was completely of no use because not one of the students thought of volume.

However I thought here we have it here we have the indissoluble oneness of the weight and the volume and the rising water. And I saw that it is like the oneness of the haptic content and the geomathic form. It is like the oneness of form and content.

And so here I am.

Well at one time I felt that I had to see everything. I felt that I had to see everything because I wanted to know if I was all right in what I was continually feeling inside me and in what I was always saying to myself . . . to no one else . . . it was as yet too soon for that.

Well in order to see everything it is necessary to go everywhere.

So I went.

I went on the train and I went on the boat and soon I was there before everything everywhere. And after this after I had stood before everything everywhere and looked and listened and noted the

content' of everything and the form I decided upon something.

I had found a path from inside me to outside me and I had found a path from outside me to inside me.

Picasso understands.

How well he understands.

Picasso continually says like this that I do not seek I find.

That is the way Picasso says it.

And he says it not only by saying it but he says it by painting it.

It is in every picture.

But oddly what Picasso says he finds is never a destination . . . that would be death . . . even to Picasso.

What Picasso finds is a path.

He finds a path to another path and another and another . . . and so on indefinitely.

The indefinitely indefinite is Picasso's joy.

And so this is how it is . . . I seek what Picasso finds *and there is no difference between us.*

A little way back I said that two acts of what they call *esthetics* had been written.

Now it is time for the third act.

This book is like when the curtain goes up.

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Grateful acknowledgement is made to Mr.
Ramiel McGehee for research and revision.

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Designed by Merle Armitage

This book is set in 12 point Mediæval type, with title page and chapter numerals in 36 point Bodoni. It is printed on 70 pound Blackstone Text paper, by The Federal Printing Company, for Longmans, Green and Company. It was bound by The Abbey Book Bindery.

